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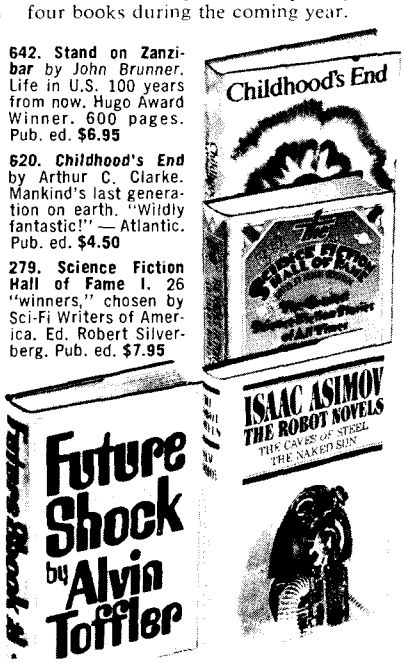

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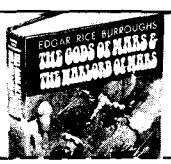

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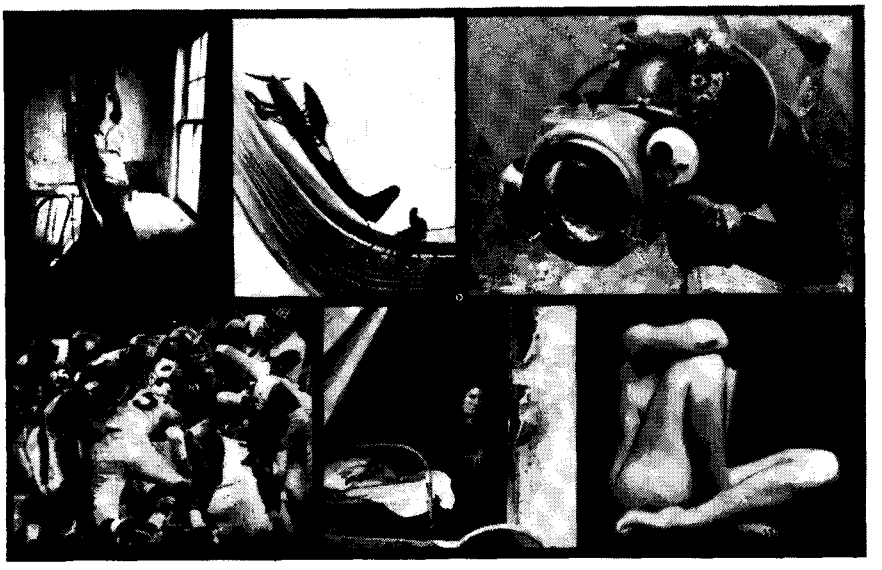
For the man who wants to experience all the creative pleasures of photography



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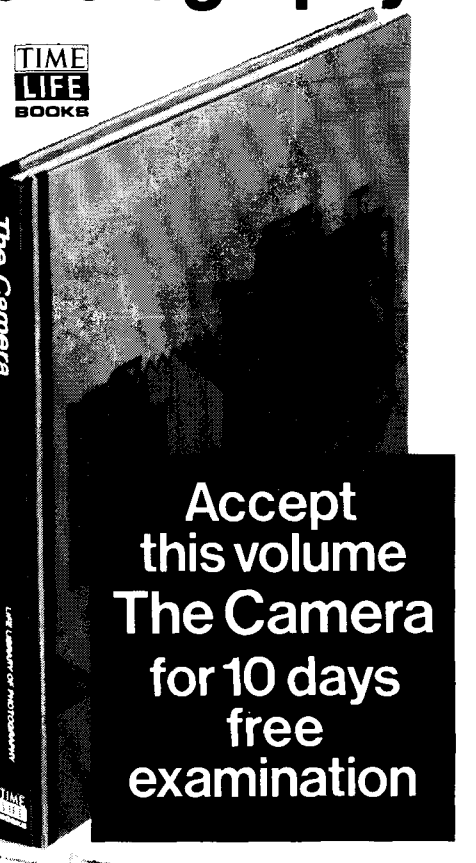

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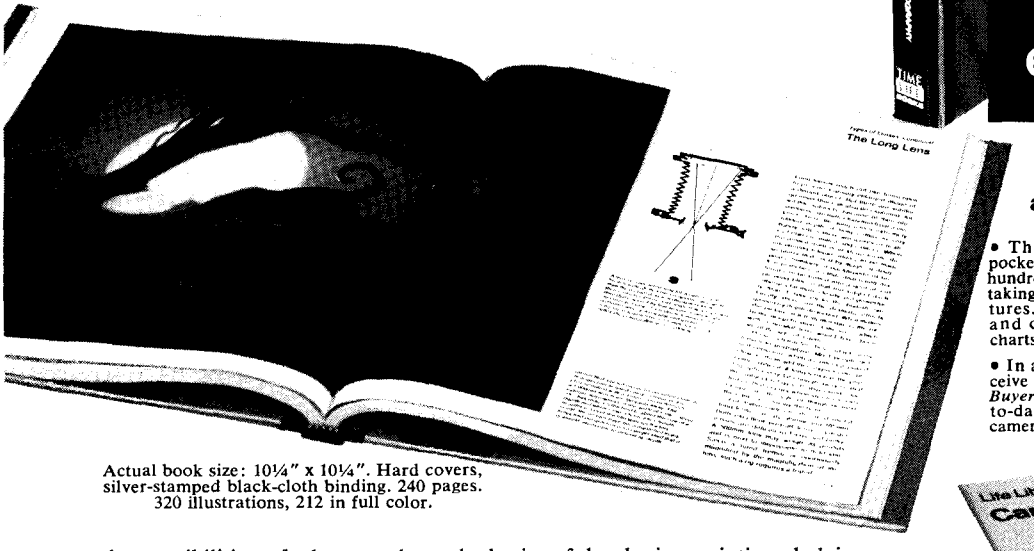

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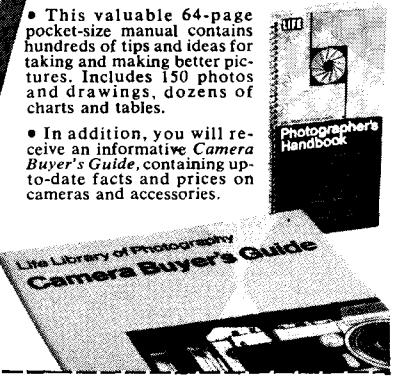

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Hard Times

Rocky Mountain Coal Fever

"...oil companies will press whichever fuel that profits them most, regardless of environmental or other effects. It is not a sinister plot on their part, merely a long-standing way of doing business."

THE FINAL SOLUTION to the energy crisis is for the oil companies and their consorts in the electric utilities business to retire to the vastness of the western mountains. There, where the population is relatively scarce, and where there are great tracts of stripping coal to be had for pennies an acre, the idea is to construct an immense dynamo which would with equal ease throw electricity across the Rockies to California or back east across the Great Plains to Chicago.

Variations of this general plan have been discussed from time to time in the government; now the planning is going ahead more intently, and utility plants are actually under construction or in operation. The Four Corners power plant in New Mexico, a major source of mercury pollution, is the most prominent of literally hundreds of planned, similar electric utility operations. More than a dozen new electric utility plants are planned for the state of Utah. The Interior Department is discussing a $700 million scheme to build aqueducts which can carry water to 42 different mine-mouth power plants in Montana, Wyoming and North Dakota.

Most of the coal is in the public domain, administered through the Interior Department by the U.S. Geological Survey. Because of the imminent development, there is rampant speculation in land. A great deal of it is by oil companies which in addition to controlling natural gas, are also dominant in uranium and coal. They, of course, are anxious to have a hand in developing, or not developing, different fuels.

The leasing system used by the Interior Department is an invitation to speculation. Under the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920, anyone may prospect for coal on federal lands in blocks of up to 5000 acres for a total of 46,000 acres in any one state. The prospector must apply to the Interior Department, then pay $10 for each 5000-acre block as well as a 25c an acre rent each year for five years. In the sixth year the rent goes up to $1 an acre. If a prospector actually mines the land, the government gets a royalty of 17c a ton for the coal.

According to Congressman Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, there is a great press for leases, and in the last year the number of leases granted by Interior doubled. In all, the government has leased out 767,000 acres of public lands in the western states for coal mining. Oil companies control about 24 percent of the leases outright, and may actually control more land through other companies. There are 520 leases outstanding, but only 73 are producing coal. About 90 percent of all coal leases are unproductive.

In fact, at a time when demand for coal is outstripping supply and coal prices are at their highest level in years, the coal production on public lands is declining. It decreased from a peak of 10 million tons in 1945 when 75,000 acres were under lease to 7.5 million tons in 1969 when 750,000 acres were leased.

The center for coal speculation lies in a swath of land running from southeastern Wyoming through eastern Montana to western North Dakota. The Department of Interior estimates the coal resources of this area at one trillion tons, about 5 percent of which is recoverable by strip-mine methods. These beds account for more than one third of all remaining coal resources in the U.S., and they are in demand because so much of the coal can be stripped.

Two companies already have tied up large amounts of the coal. Peabody Coal Co., a subsidiary of Kennecott Copper and second largest coal producer in the country, has three billion tons of coal reserves in Montana and Wyoming. Reynolds Metal Co. is drilling on 40,000 acres at Lake DeSmet, Wyoming, and its reserves are in excess of two billion tons. Another major factor in coal is the Union Pacific Railroad which owns every other section of land in a strip 40 miles wide across the state of Wyoming.

WATER IS CRUCIAL TO COAL operations. It requires about 20 acre feet of water per megawatt to run a mine-mouth power plant. Two big public water projects along the Bighorn River can now provide water for coal operations in the North Dakota - Wyoming - Montana area. They are the Yellowtail Dam on the upper Bighorn, in Montana and Wyoming and the Boysen Reservoir down stream in Wyoming. The Bureau

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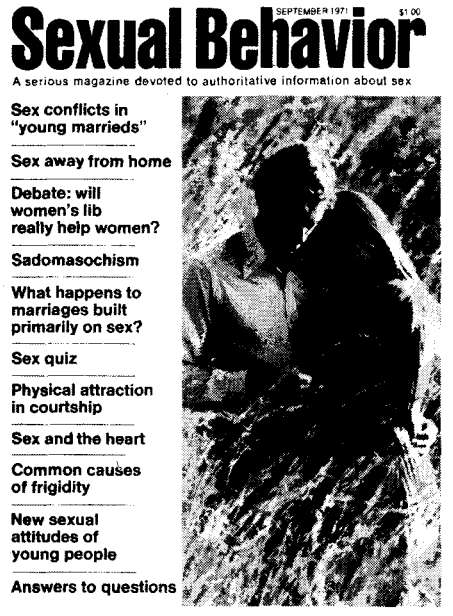
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of Reclamation establishes the number of acre feet of water for industrial use, then contracts for it over a 40 to 50 year period at $9 to $11 an acre foot. The price is cheap, considering that newly developed water would run up to $125 an acre foot. Of the two reservoirs, the Yellowtail Dam is the largest with 640,000 acre feet allocated for industrial use. As of August 1, the Bureau of Reclamation had contracted for 80 percent of that water. In Montana most of the water went to three oil companies, Kerr-McGee, Shell and Standard of New Jersey. In Wyoming it went to mining companies, including Reynolds, Peabody Coal, Westmoreland, and to oil companies including Shell. In the Boysen reservoir, where 135,000 acre feet are up for contract, Sun Oil has taken 35,000 feet. Other contracts are pending.

The allocation of most existing water to a handful of oil and mining corporations pretty much determines the outcome of the energy game. It puts the oil companies in an enviable position, tightening a corner on the fuels industry by extending their hold on coal development. The largest 20 or so oil companies already produce most of the natural gas. They control 80 percent of the uranium resources and more than 20 percent of coal production. Actually the concentration is more striking than these statistics suggest. Kerr-McGee alone accounts for 27 percent of all uranium produced in the U.S. Continental Oil through its ownership of Consolidated Coal is the largest coal producer. Occidental Petroleum, which owns Island Creek, is the third largest. Add on Standard Oil of Ohio (Old Ben Coal) and Gulf Oil (Pittsburgh & Midway), and four major oil companies account for more than 20 percent of coal production.

The emergence of large oil corporations as a dominant factor in coal and uranium is particularly important because oil companies generally demand a high return on their investments. Part of the nature of oil corporations is to maximize profits. That means they press to cut costs, which results in an emphasis on cheap, efficient and environmentally ruinous strip mining, and at the same time demand an

expanding electricity market. If the past is any indication of future trends, oil companies will press whichever fuel that profits them most, regardless of environmental or other effects. It is not a sinister plot on their part, merely a long-standing way of doing business.

THE FOUR CORNERS POWER plant in New Mexico is a good example of what to expect in the future. This plant has been widely publicized as a major polluter, and recent reports indicate that it may be the source of large quantities of mercury pollution as well.

Constructed in stages between 1964 and 1971, the Four Corners plant (located on the Navajo reservation near the spot where New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado meet) probably ranks, overall, as the largest single polluter in the world. Burning 26,400 tons of low-grade coal each day, the plant spews out more smoke than all the polluters of New York City and Los Angeles combined. In addition to putting out 18.4 pounds of mercury each day, it also daily emits 350 tons of fly-ash, 320 tons of sulphur oxides, and 300 tons of nitrogen oxides (main ingredient of Los Angeles smog).

New Mexico environmental health officials have never tried very hard to curb this mammoth belcher. The opposition is simply too powerful. The Four Corners plant, operated by Arizona Public Service Company, actually belongs to a consortium of 23 electric utilities, biggest among them being Southern California Edison.

New Mexico health officials first learned about mercury from Four Corners in a letter dated November 25, 1970, from a public interest research group, Southwest Research & Information Center in Albuquerque. The warning was ignored. Still the Center persisted, and its investigators were eventually supplied "official" samples of coal by the power plant for testing purposes. At the same time, the Center also obtained "unofficial" samples from the strip mine and from the furnace room of the power plant. The official samples showed a level of 65 parts per billion (ppb) of mercury; but an examination of the 95 "unofficial" samples revealed an average mercury content of 375 ppb, lower than the U.S. average by a factor of 10, but still alarmingly high. At the 375 ppb level, the Four Corners plant emits a calculated 6700 pounds of mercury annually. This is a staggering quantity of lethal pollution. Mercury is toxic to humans at levels measured as micrograms—millionths of a gram. There are 454 grams in one pound.

AFTER THESE FINDINGS were revealed, Senator Anderson wrote to William Ruckelshaus, director of the government's Environmental Protection Agency, and asked him to look into the mercury problem at Four Corners. Shortly thereafter the

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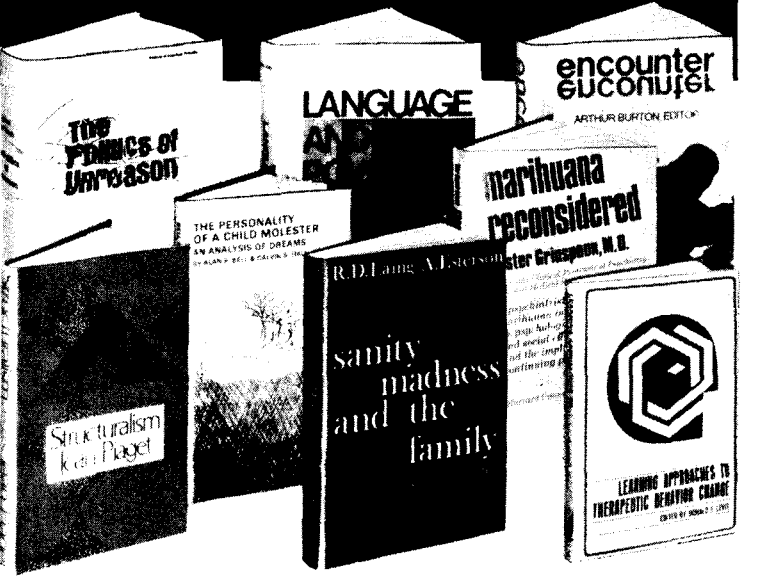

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EPA announced the New Mexico health department would finance an independent test of Four Corners mercury pollution, to be performed by the prestigious Boston firm, Environmental Sciences Associates (ESA).

As it turned out, this "independent" study was not as impartial as it might have been. William Coniglio, the EPA's man in New Mexico, told a group of conservationists that Arizona Public Service actually would pay for the testing program. And when the testing began, the ESA experts did not test for themselves the amounts of coal burned or the amount of air blown into the stack, two crucial bits of data in determining the amounts of mercury pollution. Rather, ESA was supplied this information by the utility *after* the testing had been completed.

The New Mexico air pollution officials, led by Richard Burgard, insist there isn't much, if any, mercury coming out of Four Corners stacks. And Ruckelshaus, who originally said he was concerned about mercury levels at Four Corners, now says it doesn't matter how much mercury comes out the plant's stacks because such poisonous emissions disperse over a wide area. Such emissions are not "believed to seriously affect the public health and welfare directly," Ruckelshaus wrote Senator Anderson in late June.

By adding the word "directly," Ruckelshaus evaded the key point: mercury is a cumulative poison which concentrates itself in various biological pockets (none of them well-understood). Once liberated into the environment, mercury moves through the air until a combination of natural forces brings it back to earth. Washed to earth by rainwater or simply dropped back as a fine silver rain, mercury immediately enters the earth's soil and water, concentrating here and there as it moves through the food chain, ending up, for example, as the deadliest compound (methylmercury) in fish. Another place mercury concentrates whenever it has a chance, is the human brain. There it causes absolute destruction of brain cells.

In addition, mercury forms a variety of toxic chemical compounds as it moves through the biosphere. Some mercury compounds cause cancer. Others cause birth defects such as mongolian idiocy. Probably most serious of all, some mercury compounds diminish phytoplankton activity in the earth's surface waters at levels as low as 0.1 ppb—one tenth of one part per billion. Phytoplankton — microscopic plants floating in the earth's surface waters—produce most of the earth's oxygen.

—JAMES RIDGEWAY

The Agri-Welfare Roll

THE PRESIDENT SAYS he wants to help improve the lot of the small farmer but, as the accompanying chart suggests, farm-support programs, now as in the past, don't help little farmers, but are give-aways to big, wealthy operators, some of them subsidiaries of highly profitable conglomerate corporations.

The biggest payments in 1970 went to J. G. Boswell Co., King County, Calif., which controls nearly 150,000 acres of farm land and is the world's largest grower of cotton. In addition, Boswell grows grapes, runs feedlots, produces safflower oil, etc. Boswell still won't sign with the United Farm Workers, and last year brought in high school football coaches and their teams to pick grapes. Boswell is a director of Safeway and Robert A. McGowan, Safeway's chairman, is a Boswell director. Safeway went out of its way to buy non-union grapes. Boswell employs 15,000 people, has two private planes and a private airport.

Boswell is an old hand at the subsidy game. Two years ago he took advantage of a bounty offered by Australia to grow cotton, and received $500,000. At the same time, he received $3 million from the U.S. for not growing cotton on his farms.

Last year Boswell received $4.4 million in subsidy payments. To reduce enormous subsidies such as this, Congress passed a law in 1970 limiting farm subsidies to $55,000 per crop. But the big farmers and the Department of Agriculture got busy and found a way around the new law. Technically Boswell won't receive anything from the government this year. Instead payments will go to 53 investors, who paid Boswell $1.3 million for a one year's lease to his cotton allotments. In addition, they will pay Boswell to farm the land.

GIFFEN, INC., of Fresno County and like Boswell an important cotton grower, has a 100,000 acre farm. A family enterprise, Giffen has the second biggest cotton subsidy in the state, and also grows fruits, sugar and cattle. Giffen is a GOP supporter and contributor. He was in prominent attendance at Nixon's Salute to Agriculture Day festivities on May 7. Like Boswell, Giffen neatly dodged around the new $55,000 subsidy rule. The company was assigned a 1971 cotton allotment by USDA of 11,554 acres. That meant Giffen was eligible for subsidies of 15c a pound on cotton grown on those acres. But because of the $55,000 limitation the firm would have received no benefit from most of the allotment. Fresno County agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, however, approved Giffen's plan to lease most of the acreage in the cotton allotment to smaller growers. The leasing fee was about 6c for each pound of cotton yielded per acre. The average cotton yield in Fresno County is about 1100 pounds. Thus a producer would receive $66 an acre for his allotment. Giffen stands to make $762,000 a year in lease fees alone, and probably more from the lessees in the form of payments to farm the land.

SOUTH LAKE FARMS, third largest beneficiary of the farm subsidy program, is an important part of the Bangor Punta conglomerate. Among other things Bangor Punta designs sewage treatment facilities, manufactures the chemical Mace, and runs

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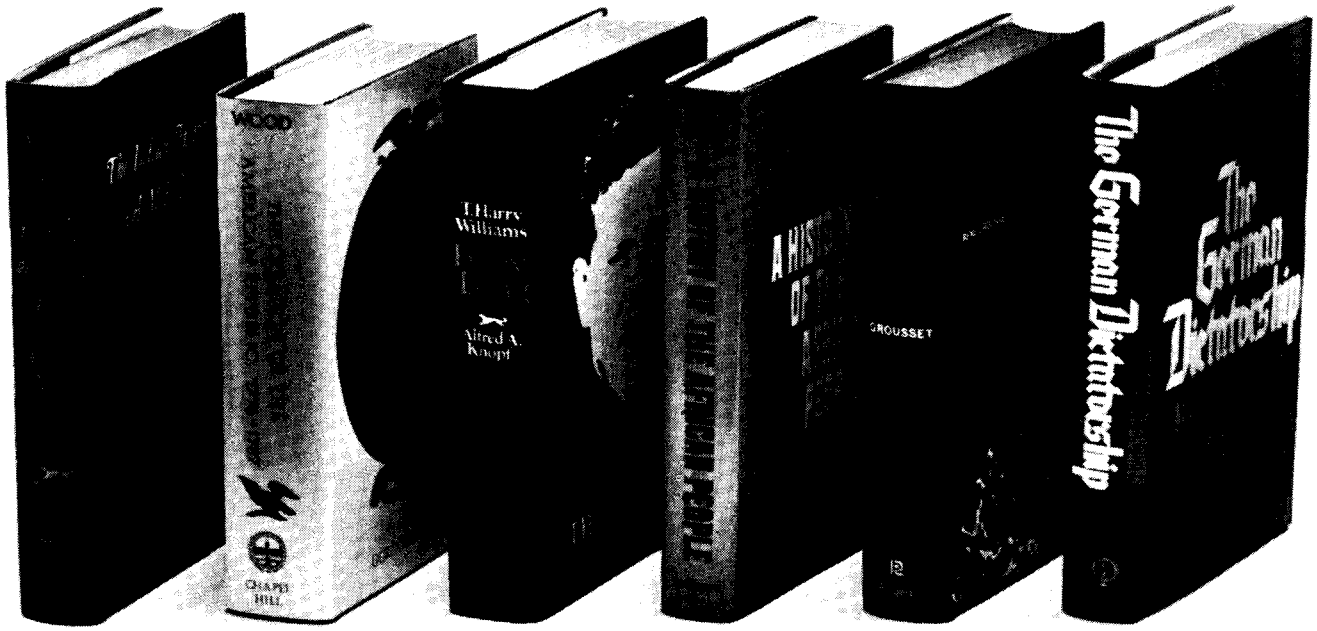

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TEN LARGEST U.S. FARM PAYMENTS—1970

State	Farmer	Amount
California	J. G. Boswell Co.	$4.4 million
California	Giffen, Inc.	$4.0 million
California	South Lake Farms (Bangor Punta)	$1.8 million
California	Salyer Land Co.	$1.5 million
California	H. M. Tenneco	$1.3 million
Hawaii	Hawaiian Com & Sugar Co.	$1.2 million
Hawaii	Waialua Sugar Co., Inc.	$1.1 million
California	Vista del Llano Farms (Anderson Clayton Co.)	$1.1 million
Florida	U.S. Sugar Corp.	$1 million
California	S. A. Camp Farms Co.	$903,650

a railroad in Maine. South Lake Farms is held through Producers Cotton Oil Co., which owns or controls 48 cotton gins in the San Joaquin Valley of California and 20 gins in Arizona. South Lake Farms operates about 100,000 acres in the San Joaquin Valley. The corporation also owns several thousand acres of farm lands along the southern California-Arizona border, and maintains substantial interests in Thunderbird Farms, Arizona Farming Co., and Painted Ranches, all in Arizona.

South Lake grows a variety of crops, including cotton, sugar beets, wheat, safflower, tomatoes, etc. Its immediate parent, Producers, is of considerable importance because it finances other California cotton growers, then processes and markets cotton products.

Probably Bangor Punta is best known for its public security division, Smith & Wesson, the fire-arms maker. Smith & Wesson also makes Mace, Pepper Fog, plastic helmets, gas masks, sirens, handcuffs, radar systems, and suspect identification systems for police.

TENNECO, INC., which received $1.1 million in farm subsidies last year, is a conglomerate which in 1970 grossed $2.5 billion and had a net income of $157.8 million. The company was founded on and is best known for its natural gas pipeline operations. It has extensive oil and gas holdings in the North Sea and Indonesia. Through a series of subsidiaries Tenneco aims to build an integrated farm-to-market agricultural system, selling products under the Sun Giant brand. The company owns or controls 1.6 million acres of land in California, Arizona and New Mexico. It farms much of the California land, runs ranches on lands in the southwest, and is developing new towns and suburban subdivisions on other holdings. In addition to these holdings, Tenneco controls Houston National Bank and its various realty ventures, owns the Newport News Shipbuilding Dry Dock Co., and has a 24 percent interest in Philadelphia Life Insurance.

Some of the other large beneficiaries of farm subsidies include U.S. Sugar Corp., in which the Mott family has a 24.76 percent interest. Stewart Mott, the New York liberal philanthropist is a company director. The Salyer Land Co., fourth biggest recipient, is a family enterprise, also based in California. The company controls some 60,000 acres, much of it in cotton and grain. John Wayne and his partners will haul in $218,000 this year in subsidies for several cotton ranches they run in Arizona, and Senator Eastland and his family will continue to receive substantial amounts, this year calculated to run around $160,000.

Acupuncture

AFTER JAMES RESTON'S appendectomy in Peking, he found himself in considerable intestinal pain. To relieve it, the doctor at the Anti-Imperialist Hospital inserted three needles into the outer part of Reston's right elbow and below his knees and rotated them for about 20 minutes. Soon afterwards, the gastric pain disappeared and did not recur. A professor at the hospital told Reston that doctors there treat over 100 patients a day by acupuncture—the insertion of needles to relieve pain and illness. Disturbances thus treated range from arthritis to blindness and deafness.

Acupuncture is little practiced in the United States since most physicians in this country regard it as a curiosity of medical history. However, it has not only a long history of use in the Far East but also a considerable following in several European countries where it is regarded as a valid, if incompletely understood, form of medical treatment. In China, deaf children have reportedly been cured by acupuncture therapy; 323 cases of tuberculosis were treated in China by acupuncture between 1955 and 1959. German doctors have reported cures of Parkinsonism; and a Russian doctor successfully treated skin ailments with acupuncture. For many years, it has been employed in different areas of the world in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, neuralgia, asthma, sciatica, migraine, and a variety of other functional disorders. More recently, the Chinese have developed its use as an anesthetic; two American scientists recently witnessed an abdominal operation in Peking, where acupuncture needles were the only anesthetic used, and the patient remained wakeful and relaxed throughout. There are acupuncturists in Japan, in Germany, Switzerland, France, and England; a group of Russian physicians who visited China in 1958 on their return to the Soviet Union arranged for research into acupuncture at special institutes

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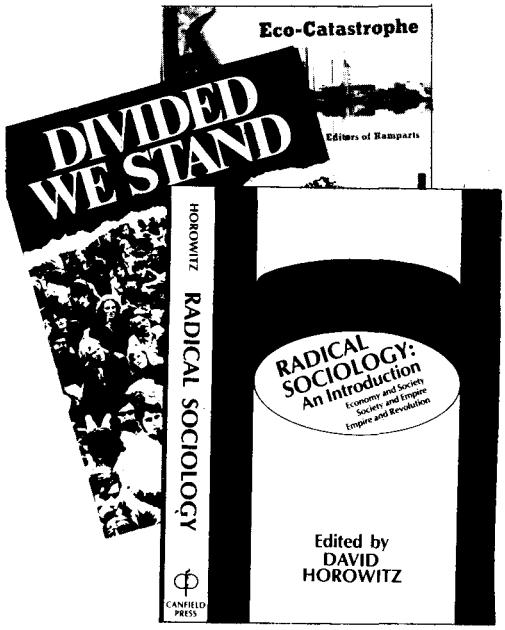

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and hospitals in Moscow and Leningrad. The United States is one of the few western countries which have devoted practically no attention to it.

Since they are linked to concepts of eastern philosophy, the theory and practice of acupuncture invite the skepticism of the American medical establishment. Acupuncture is performed by inserting sharp needles into one or several of a number of specified spots all over the body. The needle penetration varies in depth from one to five inches; sometimes the needles are rotated, then withdrawn; sometimes they are left in a spot for over a day. Needles inserted in the skin at certain points are expected to alleviate pain and cure disorders in specific organs not necessarily near the acupuncture point.

The theory behind acupuncture is based on ancient Chinese philosophy. The negative and positive forces of Yin and Yang are supposedly conveyed to the body through 12 main channels—corresponding to the 12 months of the year. Yin and Yang together comprise the vital energy of life, and as long as that energy flows through the body in balanced equilibrium, good health obtains. When that energy is blocked, an excess of one or the other force builds up in a specific part of the body and causes illness. According to Chinese theory, inserting needles at specific acupuncture points can restore the Yin/Yang equilibrium. The job of the acupuncturist is to determine the location of the blockage, the organs involved in the energy excess or deficiency, and the points of acupuncture which will remedy the situation.

THE CHINESE FIRST SAW the possibilities inherent in acupuncture around the 5th millenium B.C., when they noticed that warriors hit with arrows seemed to recover from ailments in unrelated organs. Physicians began using flint arrowheads to simulate this process, and later switched to gold and silver needles. Widespread use of acupuncture began about 2600 B.C. when a reigning emperor ordered that acupuncture replace all other forms of medicine, and from that time, it was employed not only to cure, but also to keep people in good health. Chinese doctors were, in fact, paid only

Chinese Manuscript Showing Acupuncture Points on the Body

while their patients remained well; if a patient fell ill his doctor was required to buy medicines for him.

When Chinese medicine spread into Japan, the Japanese added moxa treatment as a variant of acupuncture therapy. Moxabustion involves the ignition of combustible cones of wormwood on the same areas as those designated for acupuncture. The cones burn down to the skin until a blister is formed—thus restoring the Yin/Yang balance. This process is quite painful; however, many Japanese still prefer it to the use of more modern western medicines, although its cost is not covered by Japanese national health insurance.

The leaders of the Kuomintang tried to stamp out traditional Chinese medicine, formulating a law to make it illegal, which was defeated by strong popular resistance. Mao, however, has worked at reviving traditional Chinese medicine. In 1949 there were 70,000 western trained doctors in China and 500,000 practitioners of traditional medicine. When the Peking Research Institute for Chinese Traditional Medicine opened in 1953, Mao required western-trained doctors to undergo 30 months of intensive training in traditional medicine there. Many western-trained doctors who study at the Institute apparently are enthusiastic about the use of "folk" medicine.

Acupuncture is not confined to the Far East. An International Society of Acupuncture has its headquarters in Paris where hospitals have out-patient departments for acupuncture treatment. Paris teaching hospitals include it within their curriculum, as do hospitals in Lyons and Algiers. In France there are over one thousand acupuncturists, and two Parisian acupuncture societies. In Germany an acupuncture society publishes a monthly journal. Two British acupuncturists travelled to China in 1966 to discuss the subject with the president of one college of Chinese Medicine, and there is some original Russian literature on the treatment.

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER than scoffing at acupuncture. Even its practitioners admit they do not understand the physiological bases for its effect and modern explanations are still highly tentative. Its current practice, like its origin, is linked to concepts of energy flow and blockage. The points of acupuncture occur along the twelve meridians determined centuries ago. Yet it seems to work.

Chinese doctors operated before two American scientists with no anesthetic except four acupuncture needles inserted in their patient's calves. In that case, the needles were vibrated electrically by connection to a small portable generator. The chief of surgery at the hospital pointed out to the American observers that "the advantages of acupuncture are that the patient can communicate with the doctor during the operation and that complicated equipment is not needed. Also, there are none of the complications of chemical anesthesia, so the patient recovers more quickly, and the technique is very safe, especially for old and weak patients."

The older use of acupuncture as a cure for illness has also had some remarkable successes. Recent reports from China indicate that it may cure apparently hopeless cases of deafness. German doctors say they have helped patients long suffering from rheumatism by inserting needles into their external ear and leaving them there for from 10 minutes to 6 hours. A doctor at the Skin and Venereal Disease Clinics of the Moscow District Re-

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search Institute used acupuncture on 30 patients with skin ailments and achieved some degree of success with almost all of them. Acupuncturists affirm that accurate diagnosis is essential before treatment; they do not claim that they can cure serious organic ailments with needles, but say that the method is helpful primarily in treating painful states. One danger of acupuncture, indeed, is that it can reportedly alleviate symptoms without eradicating their source. *Medical World* reports a few cases of appendicitis where several punctures ended the pain and fever but did not halt the process of perforation.

American doctors downplay the acupuncture success stories. They claim that most illnesses eventually disappear anyway, and they attribute its ability to ease pain to self-hypnosis on the patient's part. Acupuncture is even described in an article by two of its adherents in psychiatric terms: ". . . The patient feels that the practitioner of acupuncture devotes to his problems all the care and attention necessary without running him into any risks. He also tends to give the practitioner his complete confidence." Some of the minor diseases acupuncture reputedly helps lend substance to the suspicion that it is an effective placebo: it particularly eases headaches, insomnia, and constipation.

"That a needle stuck into one's foot should improve the functioning of one's liver is obviously incredible," Aldous Huxley once wrote. "It can't be believed because in terms of currently accepted physiologic theory it makes no sense. Within our system of explanation, there is no reason why the needle prick should be followed by improvement of the liver function. Therefore we say it can't happen. The only trouble with this argument is that as a matter of empirical fact, it does happen. Inserted at precisely the right point, the needle in the foot regularly affects the function of the liver."

Skepticism of acupuncture is a legitimate response. But since Drs. Ethan Signer and Arthur Galston have returned from Peking, only one physician has even bothered to call them and ask about it. To most U.S. physicians, a practice which originated in ancient China is clearly just an entertaining anachronism. In fact, the person most interested in Dr. Signer's account of acupuncture was a needle manufacturer, who telephoned eager to know if there was a market for needles in the Orient.

—FRANCES LANG

Nixon's Feudal Friends in Carolina

IF NORTH CAROLINA is any indication, Nixon is in far better shape for 1972 than critics of the "southern strategy" would like to believe. Nixon was the first Republican president elected here since Hoover, and the Party expects to do it again and better next year. (Last time his margin over Wallace and Humphrey was small, but the Party figures Wallace actually cut into their vote more than he did Humphrey's.) The big Nixon backers in this state are not concerned about busing, but about bread and butter. And Nixon has done his best to give them what they want.

About half of the money raised in North Carolina in 1968 came from a few big families—the Hanes, Smiths, Broyhills and Cannons—who are involved in the state's major banks and industries: tobacco, textiles, and furniture. The Hanes family of Winston-Salem, who are among North Carolina's most solid Republicans, control the Hanes Corporation (textiles, annual sales of $235 million). Ralph Hanes is a director of Chatham Manufacturing Company, a smaller textile outfit. Gordon and Huber are directors of Wachovia Bank (gross earnings, $15–25 million). Gordon is a director of the Wachovia Corporation, a holding company, and Huber is also a trustee of Duke University, whose board chairman is Charles Wade, senior vice-president of Reynolds Industries and a director of Wachovia himself. Reynolds Industries is a holding company, one of whose subsidiaries, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., has sales of over $1 billion a year. The Chairman of Reynolds Tobacco, an heir to the Reynolds fortune, is S. W. Smith, another large Republican contributor. Smith married into the Hanes family and is a director of the Hanes Corporation. Reynolds' Treasurer is Zachary Smith, who was also Treasurer of North Carolina's Citizens for Nixon in 1968.

Other big contributors last time were Ed Morris of Greensboro, Chairman of Blue Bell (and connected with the Hanes family), who is also a Wachovia director; Don Holt, President of Cannon Mills (textile sales of $200–$300 million a year) and Charles Cannon (the Cannons are also connected with Imperial Cotton Mills); J. C. Bolles, Chairman of Chadbourn, Inc. (a textile firm with sales of $25–$30 million a year; and the Broyhills of Lenoir, who control Furniture and supply one of North Carolina's four Republican congressmen, James E. Broyhill, now aiming for the Senate in 1972.

THE HANES AND BROYHILLS are solid Republicans who don't play both sides of the fence in national politics. The Cannons, Smiths, and Ed Morris are less clearly identified with the local Party and a lot of their money went directly to national headquarters. All are considered safe for Nixon next time; none are among those ideological Republicans who worry now about the softening of Nixon and recognition of China. (More trade with China would in fact be a boon to the tobacco industry; when trade was cut off in the Cold War, some smaller North Carolina companies went on selling surreptitiously rather than face bankruptcy.)

The big contributors are concerned with protection of American textiles against foreign competition and an NLRB which makes unionization difficult. North Carolina has the lowest percentage of organized labor in the nation. It also ranks fiftieth in hourly industrial wages. Reynolds is the only major non-union tobacco company, and textiles and furniture are largely unorganized in this state. Hanes, Blue

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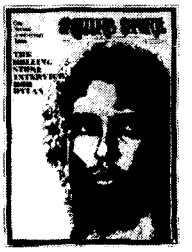
"Rock today is a medium that can communicate almost anything any of us feel or experience. The new music is the chief language and means of communication for the people of the new consciousness." — **Charles Reich,** *author of The Greening of America, in* Rolling Stone, *February 4, 1971.*

"Pop stars are idolized the same way General Grant was. People put up statues to honor war heroes. The plaster Casters do the same thing for pop stars. What they're doing is making statues of the essential part of the stars. It's the same motivation as making statues of Grant. I appreciate what they're doing, both artistically and sociologically." — **Frank Zappa** *in* Rolling Stone's *special report The Groupies and Other Girls, February 15, 1969.*

"Most Army jobs are so intellectually easy that it is possible to be stoned *all* the time, which many of us do for (literally) weeks on end. I went to reinforce an ambushed patrol once stoned on Meth. Bodies splashed all over the road, and I just diddleybopped down the road digging people with no heads, and some sergeant starts yelling at me to get down. So I turned around and walked back down the road which really blew the sergeant's mind. Speed is good for combat, though. And because marijuana is so cheap and effective, many *very* straight people come over and by the time they return to Altus, Oklahoma or wherever, they are full-fledged heads, and have a new outlook on many things. I'm not serving my country, the ones who resisted and went to jail are serving their country. There is nothing I can do now but keep stoned." — **An SP/4** *in Vietnam, quoted in the* Rolling Stone *cover story Is This Any Way to Run the Army — Stoned? November 9, 1968.*

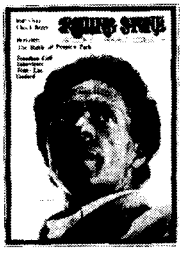
"Don't touch him, he's going to die anyway, let him die, he's going to die . . . " — **Someone at Altamont,** *in the* Rolling Stone *report (by eleven writers and fifty photographers) on The Let It Bleed Festival of Angels and Death, January 21, 1970.*

"The Park was a little island of peace and hope in a world made filthy and hopeless by war and injustice . . . I had seen the sight grow from a vast mudhole parking lot into a place for people. Now I see it surrounded by a fence, by police using guns, by soldiers equipped for war. What possible justification can the University offer? It must hold itself responsible for the violent actions of previously nonviolent students. It must hold itself responsible for the conduct of policemen who fired into crowds of people. One hundred are injured, 35 with gunshot wounds; three are near death, one is dead." — **A Berkeley resident** *speaking in The Battle of People's Park,* Rolling Stone, *June 14, 1969.*



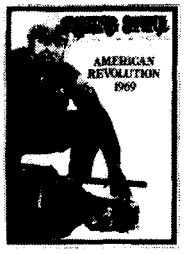
"I've never seen me prick on an album before: 'Whatnearth, there's a fellow with his prick out.' When Yoko and I got together it just seemed natural if we made an album together, for both of us to be naked on the cover. Next year it'll be nothing, like mini-skirts or bare tits, it isn't anything. We're all naked really; look, lay off will you, it's two people – what have we done?" — **John Lennon** *in the* Rolling Stone *interview, accompanying the first publication of the Two Virgins photographs, November 23, 1968.*

"I see myself as it all: married man, poet, singer, songwriter, custodian, gatekeeper . . . All of it. Boy if I could ease someone's mind, I'd be the first to do it. I want to lighten every load. Straighten out every burden. I don't want anybody to be hung-up (laughs) especially over *me!* I'm just one person, doing what I do. Trying to get along . . . staying out of people's hair, that's all. — **Bob Dylan** *in the* Rolling Stone *Interview, November 29, 1969.*

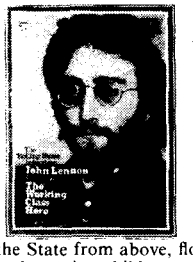


"The Kool Aid Acid Test is extremely accurate, boy. The only deviation in that book is one of kindness. And there are solutions to all these problems that we can't see because we're — sometimes it's because we're so stoned — because we're so up against it. Livin' with people is hard work, it's just hard fuckin' work all the time . . . The book I'm doin' now — I won't let anybody see it. Or put my name on it. Yeah. It's like hidin' inside of a dark house with the window up a few inches, pickin' the asses that you want to pick as they go by with a B-B gun . . . I don't want civilization to fall, I want it to get straight." — **Ken Kesey** *in* Rolling Stone's *The Ken Kesey Movie, March 7, 1970.*

"See you got to be a good actor, you got to be a good photographer, you got to be a good writer, you got to be a good set designer, you got to be a good . . . uh . . . a good bunch of shit is what you got to be before you can direct a movie. You've got to have knowledge of all these things, in addition to some sort of understanding of human beings. But I just want to go with the flow, man. If you prepare yourself, and you have the technique, and you are open, and spiritual, and mystical, and you are in reality, man it just flows through." — **Dennis Hopper** *in* Rolling Stone's *In Peru with Dennis Hopper Making the Last Movie, April 16, 1970.*

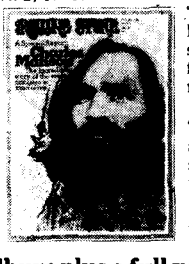


"There was solemn testimony about a pig. There was a black man in chains. Mister Magoo was in charge . . . Shouldn't we at least be asking ourselves, a little more often and a little more insistently, what kind of a country can do this thing, and what we can do about it, and isn't it time to get started? And can you — long-haired and freaky-clothed — can you handle, gently and without letting it turn you into just another kind of pig, the fact that it's you that America is afraid of? . . . If you find yourself in this culture, you were just convicted in Chicago and given five years plus a $5000 fine plus your share of the court costs, not to mention that you were also found guilty of contempt, which you probably are. You've got a chance at winning on appeal but there's always a next time, friend and I don't think you're going to get out of those court costs . . . We are on trial for our identity." — **Gene Marine** *in* Rolling Stone's *Chicago: The Trial of the New Culture, April 2, 1970.*



"The Dream is over. I'm not just talking about the Beatles, I'm talking about the whole generation, the revolutionary image and the long hair. It's time to own up. It's over, and we gotta — I have to personally — get down to so-called reality." — **John Lennon** *in the two-installment reminiscence Lennon Remembers,* Rolling Stone, *January 21 and February 4, 1971.*

"I was always victim to myself. Maybe I won't last as long as other singers, but I think you can destroy your now by worrying about tomorrow. If I hold back, I'm no good *now*, and I'd rather be good sometimes than holding back all the time . . . Like a lot of my generation, and younger, we look back at our parents and see how they gave up and compromised and wound up with very little . . . Man, if it hadn't been for the music, I probably would have done myself in. When you feel that much you have superhorrible downs. I never seemed to be able to control my feelings, to keep them down. — **Janis Joplin** *in* Rolling Stone's *Janis Joplin: 1943-1970, October 29, 1970.*



"When Violence floods the State from above, flowery land razed for robot proliferation; then when bombcarrying children graduate from Grammar-school's sex-drenched gymnasia terrified of Army Finance Meatbones, busted by cops for grassy hair; What can Poetry do, how flowers survive, how man see right mind multitude, hear his heart's music? — **Allan Ginsberg** *in* Rolling Stone's *Cambodia/Kent State Special Report, A Pitiful Helpless Giant, June 11, 1970.*

"I'm probably one of the most dangerous men in the world if I want to be. But anything you see in me is in you. All human beings are God and the Devil at the same time. All human beings are part of each other. If you kill a human being you're just killing part of yourself. I am you, and when you can admit that, you will be free. Death is psychosomatic." — **Charles Manson** *in* Rolling Stone's *25,000-word The Incredible Story of the Most Dangerous Man Alive, June 25, 1970.*

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Bell, Cannon, and Reynolds are among the largest employers in the state. And Duke University, another large employer whose chairman and directors represent both Reynolds and Hanes, is currently waging a holding action against unionization.

Nixon backers want economic policies which will keep labor cheap and profits high in North Carolina, will encourage banks and finance companies, and will allow increasing concentration of economic power. They want regulatory agencies which aid the tobacco industry and go slow on cigarette controls and highway and planning commissions which open access to timber and soft pedal environmental protection. None are complaining about Nixon.

—ELIZABETH TORNQUIST

Mutual Frauds

BY THEIR VERY NATURE mutual funds are a swindle. A group of financiers get together, and in the alleged interest of benefiting masses of small unsophisticated investors, persuade them to pool money by buying shares in their mutual fund. The money is then invested in stocks and bonds, with income going back into the fund. The fund managers usually run several different funds at once, each with a supposed different purpose. What investors often don't realize is that the managers are charging them several different ways for their fiduciary handling. Thus, the managers deduct a usual management fee of one-half of one percent of the total fund assets, then take out brokerage commissions for buying and selling stock, and finally sock the "little" investors with a sales charge for selling them fund shares. This can turn into a real racket because each fund is charged a management fee, although the same management is profferred to all funds. Money made by the "little" people is infinitesimal compared to profits and power gained by the financial managers who obtain leverage stockholdings in industrial corporations.

That is why it is so disgusting that Bill Moyers and Abigail McCarthy should be directors of Howard Stein's Dreyfus Fund and thereby become part of an advertising campaign which seeks to lure investors out of a sense that the fund is somehow responsive to the needs of society. Stein, who helped finance the McCarthy campaign, has turned his directorate into a public relations gimmick. Directors now include Dr. Jonas Salk; Alan Greenspan, a recent Nixon economics advisor; John J. McCloy; David Truman, President of Mt. Holyoke; and Francis O. Wilcox, Dean at the Advanced School of International Studies at Johns Hopkins. Recently he employed David Burke, Teddy Kennedy's chief staff assistant, as a manager. Eugene Foley, LBJs former Assistant Secretary of Commerce, is on the payroll.

"An investment firm like ours has to be aware of the emerging social trends," Stein said in explaining the appointment. "People in public life are attuned to the prevailing moods. We prefer to have on our board people who have a sense of different communities." But in offering the job to another well-known political figure (who turned it down), Stein put it more bluntly: "Come help us understand society and help us make money."

The most pertinent information about Stein occurs on page 4 of the Prospectus of the Dreyfus Fund, which has $2.6 billion in assets. It shows that management and sales corporations of which Stein is Chairman made over $12 million last year in administering and selling Dreyfus Fund shares.

Mayday...

POLLUTION HOAX: William Ruckelshaus, Environmental Protection Agency director, finally admitted that Nixon's crackdown against industrial polluters amounts to a hoax. Last year after pressure from Congress and conservation groups, Ruckelshaus announced the government would enforce a little-used section of the Refuse Act of 1899 which requires that industries obtain permits from the government before they can pour filth into any navigable body of water.

This seemed to mean that the federal government would require corporations to meet rigorous pollution standards by requiring them to limit effluent discharges. But there are numerous loopholes in the act: for instance, any industry which puts filth into a municipal sewer is exempted. More important, the government chose to leave permit procedures in the hands of easy-going state pollution agencies when the water involved was intrastate.

Intrastate waterways account for about 85 percent of all waterways in the nation. The federal government has been unwilling to exercise the authority under the Refuse Act. Finally on July 15, in a memorandum to the field staff, the EPA said, "It will not be possible to establish effluent requirements for more than a selected minority of the permit applications being processed." In other words the permit section of the Act has now reverted to its former meaningless state.

FBI KIDS: The Bureau recruits thousands of young rural high school students every year to file fingerprints and criminal records in its Washington offices; and to make sure they don't go astray, the new recruits are organized on a military basis. On arriving in Washington, youngsters go directly to an orientation course at the Justice Department. There they are told to pick roommates within the

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group. Next the Bureau encourages them to take apartments in approved buildings (landlords agree to keep tabs on the employees, reporting "pertinent" information to the Bureau, including notice of eviction). Under Bureau rules each employee is responsible for his or her roommate's actions. Example: Four young women were dismissed from the Bureau after a year's employment because the boyfriend of one of the girls had pulled a fire alarm in their apartment building. The FBI reasoned that the roommates should have acted to stop the boy. The Bureau also fires young women it catches using birth control pills. Under the Draconian work code of the Bureau, employees can put in for sick time; but too much sick time in too short a time will mean a memo in the file—and that can delay a pay raise, or even cause dismissal.

UNDERGROUND DAY-CARE:
There is already a conflict taking shape in the fast-building day-care industry between professional counselors and money-making nurseries on the one hand and co-ops of black and white middle-class parents on the other. In Washington, D.C. the city health department is asking for more funds so that it can crack down on hundreds of "underground" day-care centers which it believes violate the health code. The absurd code requires a minimum of 35 square feet of indoor space per child "exclusive of bathrooms, closets, halls, kitchen and storage space," and a minimum of 60 square feet per child in outdoor space for play.

Women, family groups, black churches all have begun their own day-care centers, many of them unlicensed, in an effort to avoid paying the outrageous prices charged by organized nursery schools. In effect these underground centers could represent the beginning of a new school system outside the public schools and the existing school systems. They are staffed by volunteer labor of mothers and fathers and charge as little as $60 per year per child. That contrasts with HEW day-care guidelines which call for spending $2348 a year per child, most of which goes to pay professionals.

Sgt. Verne McCune takes it easy while housekeeper Ruth Puckett tidies up. The housekeeping service is available for a small fee at Mather AFB, Calif. It is part of Project Volunteer, initiated at ATC bases to make service life more attractive to airmen.
AIR FORCE Magazine / May 1971

VIETNAMIZATION ARRESTS:
Documents released by South Vietnam's Provisional Revolutionary Government show that since Nixon's inauguration the Thieu-Ky regime has massively increased its program of press censorship and political arrests. Among those arrested have been Rev. Thich Thien Minh, deputy head of the Saigon Buddhist Institute; Huynh Tan Man, chairman of the Saigon Students' Union; Pham Van Nhon, editor of *Le Nouveau Vietnam*; Nguyen Lau, director of the *Saigon Daily News*; Nguyen Van Thang, secretary general of the Saigon Students' Union, and 30 intellectuals in the Committee for the Formation of Progressive National Forces.

According to reports presented at the International Commission of Inquiry into U.S. War Crimes in Indochina, South Vietnamese have been under continual siege. In 1968 there were over 30 cases where Saigon newspapers had their editions confiscated or they were fined. In 1969 the figure was 40. By 1970 the Saigon press went through 230 cases of seizure, closedown, fining, or suing. This year censorship acts have been twice as heavy with over 250 such cases by mid-May. Several publishers and authors have been fined or imprisoned this year, among them Christian priests Truong Ba Can and Chau Tin, each given nine-month terms.

Searches and seizures have risen by comparable rates. In 1969 Saigon police carried out over 7000 searches while on April 6, 1969 as many as 9000 "civil defense guards" under U.S. command mounted a search operation into Districts 7 and 8. In the last three and a half months of 1970 the Saigon police searched and apprehended over 280,750 people. And from the middle of February to the middle of April this year 10,000 people in Saigon were arrested and searched. In January, Hue City saw hundreds of its residents taken, among them 30 Buddhist priests, professors, students and pupils.

For these increased "services" the South Vietnamese people have had to pay skyrocketing taxes—income taxes having jumped as much as 2000 percent in the last year for some people. Meanwhile living conditions in the towns and cities have plummeted. A quintal of best quality rice which in 1958 cost 500 piasters now costs 10,000 piasters and a shirt costing 80 piasters now runs 1500 piasters.

The rise of repressive tactics has affected not only the economy or press policy. Since 1969 almost all demonstrations or meetings organized by students or opposition forces in the towns have been suppressed by gunfire, truncheons, tear-gas, or missiles. U.S. MPs took part in many of the crack-downs and on April 30, 1970 helicopters manned by American pilots fired missiles and dropped gas grenades on a student demonstration in Saigon.

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Foreign Reports

Ecuador: Birth-Controlling the People

"So long as the oligarchs and their allies continue to rely on pills and IUDs, their efforts to control population will fail."

"THIS WILL MAKE a marvelous picture for one of our brochures." The Canadian population expert snapped a bone-weary woman in the door of a dusty bamboo shack watching eight or ten children playing around the steps. "Every time I come to a place like Guayaquil I get inspired to work harder. If only we could get a loop into every one of these women."

Like the Canadian, I initially saw the *barrios* of Ecuador's largest city as a maze of small, shabby, overcrowded shacks . . . as swarms of naked, pot-bellied children . . . as a dusty nightmare. Birth control seemed to me an obvious solution to the problem of Ecuadorian poverty, so I spent my Peace Corps service working for a family planning clinic sponsored by International Planned Parenthood.

Official U.S. policy holds that development cannot take place in the "emerging nations" until they have curbed effectively their population growth. The Ecuadorian government, while carefully avoiding openly advocating birth control, allows the United States to spend thousands of dollars to support clinics throughout the country. But the women of Ecuador have no faith in their government, the U.S. government, or in tomorrow; and they are not using these clinics in sufficient numbers to significantly reduce the rate of population growth.

TWO OF THESE WOMEN, my friends Evangelina and Luz, helped me to see why. They both live in the *barrios suburbanos,* a vast area of houses built on stilts over swamp. As people move in from the country they build their own houses on the edge of the *barrios.* Then as the area becomes densely populated, the residents demand that the city make roads with rock fill. Tank trucks drive through the dusty streets and sell water for 15 cents a barrel. Rickety buses built on truck chassis carry people back and forth to town. Vendors are everywhere selling cooking charcoal, fish, live crabs, vegetables, stockings, newspapers—anything to earn a small profit. In the midst of this teeming activity, however, is the almost daily sight of a small group of people clothed in black, who follow the father with a tiny white coffin on his shoulder to the cemetery downtown.

Evangelina was our neighbor. We used to wake every morning when she turned on the radio to catch the day's first soap opera. She listened while fixing breakfast for her husband and two small boys. Not that there was much to fix—coffee with milk and sugar, bread, bananas, an egg every now and then.

As soon as breakfast was eaten, she began the Sisyphean task of housekeeping in the *barrio.* Although the roads were dusty in summer and glutinously muddy in the rainy season, Evangelina's family was always dressed in clean clothes. Her husband Jorge wore old clothes when he worked carrying hundred pound stems of bananas onto a German freighter, but he had to have immaculate white pants to go out drinking or visiting at night. She washed everything in cold water, she cooked over a charcoal fire, and she sewed all their clothes on a treadle machine. At night, exhausted and lonely, she would usually go to sleep with the kids—all three sharing the family's one bed. The light over the door shone all night, a pale warning to the robbers who roam the *barrios* after dark.

Evangelina had not grown up in Guayaquil. Her father was a small farmer in the province of Manabi who sold yucca and milk to the townspeople across the bay. With his savings he sent Evangelina to high school to study sewing. She lived with relatives and spent time with a friend who taught her to sing and play the piano. When a drought struck Manabi, her father had to leave the farm, and Evangelina came to Guayaquil to find a job. While in the city she met Jorge who had left the drudgery of life as a laborer on a banana plantation. They built themselves a small house on the edge of town.

Despite the difficulties of raising a family on $25 a month, Evangelina remained a delicate, shy person. For her friends, she had a warm smile. Her ambition: to put her sons through high school so they wouldn't have to be common laborers like their father. But she and Jorge were not optimistic. They had no faith in their government or in their neighbors. "We Ecua-

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dorians," Jorge used to say, "we're all pickpockets."

One day Evangelina asked me how it was that Paul and I had no children. When I told her about the pills I took, she wanted to know where to get them. Every month she'd be terrified of finding that she was pregnant, for she knew that she could never save the extra money her sewing brought in if she had another child. Furthermore, she, like many other women, did not trust men. Every time Jorge went out drinking, part of her wondered if he would come back. She had friends who had to support their children by taking in laundry or working as maids because their husbands had abandoned them. She soon came to the clinic where I worked, and had a loop inserted.

ANXIOUS TO SHARE her discovery with the other women of the neighborhood, she helped me to organize a meeting in the schoolyard. After a worn and irrelevant film on the population explosion, the social worker from the clinic talked about family planning. Afterwards, four or five women told us how relieved they were to learn that they didn't have to get pregnant again. They asked how to get to the clinic, and promised to come in soon. None of them ever came.

My friend Luz never came either. She was a student in a nutrition class I had helped to organize in an Episcopal Church community center. A doctor from Project Hope came every week to tell the women about balanced meals, personal hygiene and child care. The women came every week to listen and to eat the refreshments. After one session Luz asked me angrily, "How does she think I am going to give my family a balanced meal when I don't even have a dollar a day to feed ten people. She tells us to bathe every day, but she doesn't have to carry water in a pail from the spigot two blocks away."

The social worker from the clinic spoke to the group on another afternoon. As before, a group of women told us they were really happy to hear about family planning. Luz told me she would visit the clinic as soon as possible. Her husband only earned a dollar a day in the slaughterhouse, and she was always exhausted from caring for so many kids.

Several months later I stopped by to visit her. She lived in a small *barrio*, crowded between the highway and the river, the slaughterhouse and a balsa wood factory. Flies were thick around me; buzzards perched on rooftops. To get to the house I had to balance along a log path over a putrid green swamp. A ladder-like stairway led up to the kitchen.

Luz and I talked for a while about the *barrio* and I asked whether she had managed to get to the clinic. She replied that the first month she hadn't gone because she'd had to wait with her son in the health clinic for a couple of days to see a doctor. The next month she hadn't gone because her sister, who had planned to accompany her, wasn't feeling well. Another day she'd had no money. Now, she said, she was pregnant again.

After the baby was born, I went to visit again, accompanied by an African friend. We followed the same slippery path to the house. Luz was cradling the baby close to her breast. Dark eyes peered up above a small beaked nose. The baby wore a wool cap in the 90 degree heat so she wouldn't catch cold. Two mercurochrome-stained loops of string passed through her newly pierced ears.

I asked where they would fit the new child into the two-room house. Luz calmly assured me that the Lord would provide for his own. As we left, my friend Tandi remarked, "Did you see how she loves that baby, how she held her? Love like that must be a powerful solace to a woman living in a place like this."

PEOPLE OFTEN BLAMED the large size of poor families on a kind of shiftless ignorance in the parents. It is true that misconceptions, superstitions and rumors dominate popular knowledge of medicine and psychology. But most critics feel that family planning programs fail because of poor administration by the "host country," and I knew some lazy, inefficient family planning workers in Guayaquil. But the real problem with the program's administration is that neither the Americans nor the Ecuadorians care about the people they are supposed to be serving. They see women as wombs to be deactivated, rather than human beings with lives to be fulfilled.

This attitude seemed to prevail on all levels of the birth control program. The Population Officer in Quito, a Mexican-American with many years buried in small AID offices, extolled a new AID film on family planning in Japan. "Oh, Raquel, the Japanese are so clean, so clean. Not like these people." When I asked him to have a sex education pamphlet printed up to give to the women who came in to the clinic, he was enthusiastic. "We need to educate these people, Raquel. It's just like in the States when we gave the niggers the right to vote and didn't teach them how to use it."

The doctor who directed the clinic was a brilliant endocrinologist who had graduated from Harvard Medical School. But he worked in three clinics, taught at the Medical School, and was politically ambitious (under the next President, he became Minister of Health), so he devoted little time to making the program as humane and outreaching as it could have been. He even refused to make the clinic a center for vaccinations during a terrible polio epidemic. He was the son of the communist who owned Luz' *barrio*, and exhibited the same discrepancy between ideology and commitment.

Our Peace Corps Director, who was so anxious to have Volunteers work in the clinic (even though the Ecuadorians had not requested this type of help), was only one among many North Americans who felt that it might be desirable to require all women to use contraceptives after two children.

WHILE NORTH AMERICANS were almost unanimous in their enthusiasm for birth control, to many Ecuadorians on both the right and left, the Population Control program looks like another form of imperialism. They resent the United States for telling them how many children they should have, for disregarding their religious beliefs and for intruding into their private lives. Even conservatives who regarded the slum dwellers as a species of animal saw birth control

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as a form of genocide. Leftists hate the program because they see it as a way for the U.S. to relieve the pressures and tensions generated by an unjust society without solving any of the fundamental problems and inequities.

Although I argued with my Ecuadorian friends that the birth control program was different from Hitler's concentration camps, I came to feel that there were few people involved with the program who would object if a law were passed requiring sterilization for any woman below a certain income, or for any woman who had more than two children. My suspicion of the inhumanity of many Ecuadorian doctors was strengthened by an experience I had in a small city two hours from Guayaquil. I was invited to come to Babahoyo with Javier, a young, extremely conscientious doctor from the clinic, to advise a group of doctors on how to set up a family planning program for their community.

The hospital in Babahoyo was a two-story cement building on the river's edge. Pigs and goats searched its lawns for food. We walked through the dark halls to find the doctors, who finally gathered about an hour later to hear Javier explain how our program worked in Guayaquil. After carefully describing the various kinds of contraceptives, he asked us all to watch as he inserted a coil. Another Volunteer who worked in Babahoyo had told us that she had arranged for several women to come to the hospital that morning to be fitted with an intrauterine device. But none had arrived, so she went off to look for them.

Meanwhile, we all went up to the operating room. It was like a large blue concrete cube with unscreened windows opening out onto the river. A wasp was circling around the ceiling. In the corner the walls were stained bright orange where someone had dropped a bottle of mercurochrome. The doctors joked with each other and smoked while we waited.

Shortly a nurse brought in a small woman in a hospital gown. When she saw all of us, her eyes filled with fear. The doctor told her to lie on the table and pull up her gown. She moaned softly and covered her face with her hands.

Most of the doctors watched attentively while Javier inserted the IUD. The head doctor thanked him politely and then told him he could take the loop out. Javier looked aghast. "You mean she doesn't want it?" "I have no idea. We never asked. She's the only patient here whom we're sure isn't pregnant." We later heard of a doctor near Babahoyo who obtained the IUDs for free, split them in half, and charged several dollars for inserting them.

EVANGELINA DID MAKE USE of the family planning clinic. But her strong motivation to try to make a better life for herself is representative of but a small minority of *barrio* women. Luz' life is far more typical: denied adequate schooling, lacking the skills and opportunity to earn an adequate income, taught to see themselves as ruled by fate or by God's will, they feel impotent to significantly change their lives.

Raised to be mothers, Ecuadorian women work only as an economic necessity; with the exception of school teachers who are paid miniscule salaries, few women have any but menial jobs. A good woman is one who obeys her husband, remains chaste and modest, and cares for her children. Men see their masculinity confirmed with each new child. Many men (Jorge was exceptional) do not want their women to use contraceptives, fearing that they will then play around as much as do the men. Several women told me that they feared to come to the clinic lest their husbands beat them. Others came back to have their IUD removed once their husbands discovered the offending secret.

BIRTH CONTROL DOES NOT precede development; it results from it. People don't have fewer children out of some esoteric belief in economic development; they limit their families when they have concrete incentives to do so. If they see that by having only two or three children they can get a decent place to live, work at good jobs, buy a car and other goods, and provide opportunities for their children, then they may begin limiting the size of their families. I think of the material incentives that have worked this way in Japan and Israel, or the social incentives in Cuba or China. Without adequate public health, Ecuadorians never know when their children may die, so they continually have children as insurance against bereavement. Without land reform or social security, they have kids to support them in old age. When you live in a crowded house with never enough to eat, one more mouth never seems to make that much difference. "The Lord will provide."

Ecuador does not need to be such a poor country. It has fertile mountain valleys, rich tropical coasts, and succeeding generations of landowners have made fortunes from coffee, cocoa, and bananas. Recently Texaco discovered vast new oil fields in the Amazonian jungles. But to the great majority of Ecuadorians — Indian, mestizo, and black — the land has yielded little of her promise. Only a small bit of the wealth has left the firmly clenched hands of the oligarchs and foreigners who own Ecuador. Unable to gain an adequate living from their small plots (many *campesinos* lose half their income to middle men: mill owners, seed merchants and store owners), remote from schools, doctors and entertainment, many people flee to Guayaquil in search of a better life. But if every woman in Guayaquil were to swear today that she would only have two children, life would not be all that different for those kids. They would have neither jobs nor schools, and each day would bring in more kids from the countryside.

Before the Cuban revolution, Havana was crowded with the same sorts of people. Only through centralized planning and state control have the Cubans been able to develop the rural economy, and stem the flow of *campe-*

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sinos to the city. They did it through diversification of agriculture, construction of new towns, new roads, new schools and hospitals, and dispersion of the country's cultural life throughout the island. Formerly there was terrible unemployment; today, with a larger population, there are not enough people to do all the work that must be done.

Family planning is a right belonging to all people. Women and men must be able to decide when and if they want children. At the same time, population growth must be reduced if the world is to survive. But rational control cannot humanely be achieved through legislation, through handing out "free" radios to starving men in exchange for their fertility or through compulsory sterilization of women. Nor can the birth control programs bought from International Planned Parenthood by U. S. AID be the solution, for these programs primarily help existing governments rule more efficiently by simply eliminating poor people who crowd the *barrios*. So long as the oligarchs and their allies continue to rely on pills and IUDs, their efforts to control population will be lost. For only when their poverty is ended and they gain some measure of economic control over their future will the people of the *barrios* voluntarily limit the size of their families. —RACHEL COWAN

Guatemala: Food for Profit

IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN Guatemala and see a funeral procession going by, chances are the body in the casket never reached the age of five. The most probable cause of death? Malnutrition. The nutrition problem throughout Latin America—and the entire world—mainly strikes children under five. Babies grow normally until they are weaned; then the protein gap begins to grow. From breast milk, the six- or twelve-month-old is immediately started on corn or rice, foods with insufficient and low-grade protein. The lack of adequate protein greatly increases susceptibility to the gastro-intestinal infections that are endemic to the area; and children with infections have added body requirements for protein, thus making them further malnourished. This downward spiral often ends in death.

Who is acting to stop these deaths? CARE, Pro-Lac, Foremost, Public Law 480, Incaparina, Ministries of Health, Dos Pinos, Quaker Oats: companies, agencies and governments—local and foreign, rhetorically idealistic or bluntly pragmatic—all competing to feed the sick and hungry children of Latin America. At one end of the feeding process is a listless, scrawny child; at the other end is a glowing green dollar. While Forbes magazine boasts that feeding the world's hungry millions means billions for U.S. business, what it doesn't say is that this caloric imperialism is making any real solution to the malnutrition epidemic even more unlikely.

In Costa Rica, 48 percent of all children under five are considered malnourished; in Guatemala the figure is a staggering 75 percent. At the age of two years, the average child in these countries has reached the weight of a normal one-year-old. The average five-year-old weighs the equivalent of a normal child of two. Each year, in each country, thousands and thousands of these children die, and many more grow up with possibly deficient mental development.

THE ANSWER FOR THESE children? Enough food containing high quality protein. Milk would seem a likely solution especially since under Public Law 480, the United States has donated several billion dollars of powdered milk and other products to the underdeveloped world. P.L. 480, however, is not primarily a program to help malnourished children. On the contrary, the law was enacted in 1954 to help American farmers sell their huge surpluses. The law's stated purpose is "to increase the consumption of United States agricultural commodities in foreign countries . . . to develop and expand export markets for United States agricultural commodities." Under this law, the U.S. government buys surplus food from farmers and turns it over to voluntary agencies such as CARE, who distribute the food in the recipient countries.

But P.L. 480 has a more damaging purpose than marketing surplus food: its real aim is to stimulate exports of food products. The U.S. food market is saturated—we produce too much, and one means of making more profit on food is to sell it to other countries. Thus most of the food sent overseas under P.L. 480 is sold, not donated. Title I of the law provides for sales of food to foreign governments. Title II, a smaller program, consists of donations. As explained to me by an AID man, the result of the Title II donation program is the establishment of a market for the food—the dependence of a hungry nation upon an American product. Then Title II is cut, and the country must buy the food under Title I. Finally Title I is cut off, forcing the country to buy the food on the commercial market.

And it works. As the AID man pointed out, "We tried to break Korea away from eating rice. We gave them a lot of wheat. Once the taste for wheat flour is there, we sell them the wheat. Eventually the U.S. recovers in sales everything we ever donated. Don't think the U.S. gives away a damn thing."

So the U.S. taxpayer pays for the donations, and the giant food producer makes money on the sales. Although P.L. 480 is generally called Food for Peace, a better name would be Food for Profit.

If P.L. 480 (and the programs it fosters) is no solution, how about the food industries within the hungry nations? Can the local, private companies established on the American model nourish the malnourished?

COSTA RICA'S MILK industry has been the pride of Central American dairy interests. Dominated by the Dos Pinos cooperative, the industry distributes refrigerated

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pasteurized milk throughout the country. How did Dos Pinos become so successful? In the 1950s, the Costa Rican government started a program of free powdered milk distribution to children, using milk donated from UNICEF. The UN agency then gave to Dos Pinos machinery to produce powdered milk locally. Dos Pinos pressured the Costa Rican government to prohibit the import of CARE milk from the U.S., and then charged an outrageous price for its locally produced milk. The government could no longer afford the milk feeding program, so the children went hungry. Only when Costa Rican milk production was devastated by a 1963 volcanic eruption was CARE allowed to return, and now both CARE and Dos Pinos supply milk to the government. Costa Rica has had only two choices: cheap foreign products or expensive local ones. The country is caught between long-term dependency on CARE and the profit motive of its own industry.

In 1970 a major crisis swept over the Costa Rican milk industry, and milk production dropped sharply. Dairymen sold their cows and sought more profitable businesses. As the dairying hope of Central America started to sour, milk lobbyists beseeched the government to help. The government responded by raising milk prices, which drove milk consumers to public demonstrations. The number of dairy cows has already dropped an astonishing 65 percent. Thus, even when a private industry has enough of a monopoly to force out cheap, competitive milk imports and keep milk prices high, it cannot supply Costa Rica with all the milk it needs.

The reason for the failure of the Dos Pinos experiment is clear—milk isn't as profitable as other commodities. And "other commodities" means exports—exports to the rich United States. The Costa Rican milk crisis has a simple genesis: the U.S. recently began to import large quantities of beef. Since the American middle class pays more for beef than Costa Rican peasants do for milk, dairy farmers have been switching from raising milk cows to beef cattle. Thus, as it works out, the livestock resources of Costa Rica are vanishing from the country,

while its children die from malnutrition which milk cows could solve.

IN GUATEMALA, PER CAPITA milk production is one-half that of Costa Rica. Production might be doubled except for the Pro-Lac story. Pro-Lac is a government-run milk plant producing both fluid and powdered milk. Like Dos Pinos in Costa Rica, it was set up by UNICEF in the 1950s. But unlike Costa Rica, CARE was not excluded, and cheap American powdered milk flooded the country. Seeing little need for local milk, the government allowed Pro-Lac to fail; it is producing milk at only 30 percent capacity. In the meantime, several large private Guatemalan dairies were capturing the fluid milk market, where the prices are far above the means of the rural peasants and marginal urban dwellers who could afford powdered milk. One of the two largest of these plants, American-owned Foremost Dairy, sends 95 percent of its profits back to the U.S. The other large plant, La Pradera, is run by the largest dairy farmer in Central America, who recently stated, "I don't make much money on my milk cows; I'm thinking of changing to beef cattle." Another major milk producer for La Pradera, who comes from Guatemala's richest family, told me: "If I could find someone who'd buy my dairy cattle, I'd sell them all tomorrow."

When the Guatemalan government considered rejuvenating the faltering Pro-Lac, the reaction of Foremost and La Pradera was predictably destructive. Fearing competition from government-subsidized milk, the indications are they bribed Pro-Lac's manager to keep production low. A similar squeeze is placed on Incaparina, Guatemala's high-protein milk substitute. Because of the high cost and unavailability of milk in Central America, the Institute of Nutrition for Central America and Panama (INCAP) developed this cheap, locally-produced mixture based on cottonseed flour. Incaparina is now sold commercially in Guatemala, but in its ten years of existence, it has failed to make an impact on the malnutrition problem. Though six times as cheap as milk, it is still more expensive than the staple food, corn. So the greatest use of Incaparina is among middle-class families rather than the poor. The government rarely buys Incaparina for poor families because of the availability of milk and CSM, another milk-like product, from CARE. Without question, the CARE program impedes the spread of Incaparina.

The company producing Incaparina —owned by Guatemala's richest family which, coincidentally, is also in the milk business—will push this milk substitute only if it can see a clear profit. Thus far they have lost money. As with milk, the price of Incaparina is too low to make large profits, yet too high for malnourished people to buy. Part of the Latin-American problem is that production of these critical foods is controlled by a few wealthy people (many of them in the same family) who have no commitment to continue producing if the money does not come in.

THE MILK SITUATION illustrates the overwhelming dependency of these small countries upon the U.S. dominated world market. There are two markets for milk (or Incaparina) in Costa Rica and Guatemala. One is the small middle-class

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market for fluid milk which, one would think, could be satisfied by supply and demand. Yet even the limited demand for expensive milk is unfulfilled because the economy is geared to foreign rather than domestic needs. A simple decision of the U.S. to import meat has drastic effects on milk production in Central America. The other market is a public one, in which the government buys milk and gives it to the poor. This market is voraciously sought by U.S. industries through CARE, by local milk industries such as Dos Pinos, or by such substitutes as Incaparina. Thus far, U.S. pressure plus cheapness of government-subsidized products, has enabled CARE to corner a sizeable portion of that market. The net effect has been to retard the Costa Rican and Guatemalan governments from initiating any nutrition policy at all.

However, U.S. food aid will not continue forever. The gap between food production and food needs in the underdeveloped world is widening to the degree that the U.S. cannot continue to fill it. As this gap continues to grow and America's AID programs fail to pacify Latin America, these programs will be cut off. Thus it is imperative that poor nations begin at once to feed themselves. Yet agricultural per capita in Latin America is presently stable, not increasing. What are Latin American nations doing about this?

Rather than encouraging an increase in food production, the official response has been to start birth-control programs. In Latin America, this is a complete obfuscation of the real issue. By global standards the continent is actually underpopulated, having 16 percent of the world's habitable land and only 6 percent of its population. Only 30 percent of arable land is actually cultivated, and a vast area of forest lands could be converted for food production. Latin America's feeding problem is unrelated to population—it has to do with land use.

GUATEMALA TELLS THE STORY. The most fertile lands belong to large plantation owners (2.1 percent of the farms contain 62 percent of arable land). This land is grossly underutilized, with its per acre yield only one-fourth that of small farms. The absentee landowners have no incentive to use the land well, because they have enough to eat. And it wouldn't make much difference if these lands were to increase their yields—the crime would only be intensified, for these extensive fertile lands in Guatemala are not used to feed Guatemalans, but to grow crops for the developed world.

The vicious character of dependency is readily demonstrated by the manipulative use of land in Guatemala and other Latin American nations. Centuries ago, Guatemalan plantations began to produce a natural blue dye needed by England to color its textiles. Then synthetic dyes took over, and Guatemala converted its land to fulfill the world demand for coffee. Later, bananas found a large market in the U.S., and Guatemalan lands were shifted to that crop. With a glut on the market of coffee and bananas, land shifted to another need of the developed world—cotton. The latest shift in this multi-century series of dependent land development is toward beef. Eventually beef will be cut off, and other products geared toward the developed countries will take over.

But what if these countries were to develop an agriculture which would feed its own people rather than produce coffee (and sugar to put in it) for the American housewife? The masses of malnourished families would still be too poor to buy enough food. Yet the typical response of the U.S. or Central American middle class to this problem sounds like this: "What those people need is to learn what kinds of food are good for them." As one scholarly publication puts it, "Lack of knowledge of the simplest facts of nutrition is at the root of a high proportion of the cases of malnutrition today." Fill 'em up—with education. And the average nutrition program is a futile effort to teach the impoverished housewife how to better feed her children—with foods she could never afford.

Over and over one hears, "These *campesinos*, their chickens lay an egg or two, and rather than eating it they sell it." Well, the *campesino* is far smarter than the nutritionist. He knows that one egg will buy more than enough corn to feed him for a day, and the corn fills him up, which is his first concern. With a quart of milk he can buy one day's supply of corn for a whole family. The Guatemalan Indian doesn't need to be taught the value of milk; if he has a sick child, he will give it milk—to the detriment of the rest of the family. Good nutrition is not a matter of training; it is a luxury for those who have enough to eat.

FOR THE INDIANS OF Guatemala, malnutrition is not a natural condition. It results from centuries of imperialism. Before the Spanish conquest, there was plenty of land, and the Indian diet was nutritionally adequate, including fruits, meat from small forest animals and fish from the streams. When the minerals of the soil were used up, they could migrate to new areas. With the seizing of land by the Europeans and later the Americans, Indians were forced into smaller and smaller areas. In addition, they were forced into a money-economy and would sell foods formerly eaten.

Thus, the food relationship between the United States and Central America is a classic example of imperialism. The best Central American lands are used to grow crops needed by the U.S. and other developed countries. Those who reap profits from these lands are U.S. corporations and the pro-American local oligarchies.

The rich Pacific coast of Guatemala is really part of the United States. Its products go to the U.S., not to Guatemala. Its landowners buy U.S. cars and TV sets. And the taxpayers of the U.S., through P.L. 480, support a small welfare system (or food stamp program) to keep alive the workers on these fields.

The solution to malnutrition in Latin America is not education; it is not birth control; it is not P.L. 480; it is not local capitalist food industries. The people of Latin America must invade the land which is functionally a part of the United States and return it to themselves.

—TOM BODENHEIMER

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AWOL in Japan

TOKYO—THE MARCH MOVED into Ginza, Tokyo's downtown nightlife district, three or four thousand strong. Japanese students snake-danced, riot police with their long shields stood at the intersections, unwilling to hassle the marchers because a Friday night street crowd looked on. People came into the street to join the march. Among them two American men, young, blond, sideburns, mustaches, fell in step with us, shook hands. Air Force GIs. "What's it about?" Against the U.S.-Japan Joint Security Treaty. "Gee, the military is lousy," said one. "If we get caught, it'll be our asses," said the other. And they split.

That episode captures the mood of American GIs in Japan, 1971. A random survey of Marines, taken at Four Corners, the bar district at Iwakuni outside the big Marine Corps air station there, showed that nine out of ten believe that the Vietnam War is wrong, that the United States is not winning, that all American servicemen should be brought home from Asia. But these opinions do not simply reflect the student movement and anti-war trends at home.

These guys used to be the gung-ho types, the crew-cuts who hated hippie freaks, long-hairs, commie symps. They signed up for four years, for the promised glory or manhood, or to keep out of jail. What changed them was Vietnam itself—or Japan, or Asia—being there, experiencing it. Now they're mad as hell, desperate to overcome their ignorance of history and political thought, scared and resentful of the brass. A few are willing to demonstrate, protest, publish newspapers, and work toward an anti-military strategy. They are the GI movement, the tip of an iceberg.

When most people hear about anti-war GIs in Japan, they think—deserters. That was true once, but not any more. The flow of deserters began around 1966 when four sailors left the aircraft carrier Intrepid and made their way through Russia to Sweden. Hiding deserters and moving them through an underground network out of Japan to Sweden became a major activity of Beheiren, the Japan Peace for Vietnam Committee, established in 1965, and other anti-war groups. Though the exact numbers are secret, probably two to three hundred GIs went underground in Japan during the late '60s.

WHAT WAS IMPORTANT about the movement was not that GIs were splitting, but that Japanese were helping them. In no other outpost of the American empire has this been done so widely, generously, and successfully. And it has not been simply left intellectuals and university students who have taken part. Working people, junior high kids, housewives have played even more important roles, for it is they who had to take GIs into their tiny homes in small towns, hide them, feed them, live with them. As one American organizer in Tokyo says, "how many Americans would do the same for Japanese GIs?"

Of course it was not a bed of roses for Japanese or GIs. None of the Americans spoke Japanese, and few of the Japanese spoke English. The GIs had known no Japanese before but bar girls and prostitutes, never eaten Japanese food, never been in a Japanese house. American agents and Japanese detectives were constantly searching for them. Neither the hiders nor the hiding understood the motives of the other.

Why did GIs desert? For all the usual reasons, often personal, rarely political. But Vietnam was in the consciousness of all of them. One deserter was a Marine medic who had been to Vietnam. His commanding officer had sent GIs he didn't like out on patrol when he knew the enemy was lying in ambush. The C.O. had prevented the medic from attending a wounded North Vietnamese prisoner. Later the medic found the prisoner dead, with an artery newly cut open. A short time later someone shot the C.O. in the back. In Japan the medic went underground. "I saw too much blood, too much killing," he told his hosts. "I don't like war."

The policy of encouraging deserters became untenable when the escape route was closed off. Beheiren tried to find other countries willing to take the GIs, but without success. GIs began to stay underground for a year, or two years, with no prospects of escape to a third country. Within the past year and a half most of the deserters have been re-surfaced as AWOLs or as conscientious objectors. Some have been discharged, others have gotten off with light or even no punishment. In phasing out the underground, Beheiren was joined by Pacific Counseling Service, a San Francisco-based, church-founded organization of counselors to GIs, resisters, and draft-age youth.

PCS now maintains an office in Tokyo, counselors at Iwakuni, in the southern part of Japan's main island, Honshu, and a GI coffee house at Misawa, an Air Force base in northern Honshu. It also has counselors or liaison with church and peace groups in Okinawa, (soon to revert to Japanese control), South Korea, Taiwan, and the Philippines.

PCS is what it says it is—a counseling service. It advises GIs about their legal rights, makes available information about conscientious objection and other alternatives to combat duty. More importantly, it provides places where GIs can talk about politics and society, read underground papers and historical and political books not available on bases, and meet young Japanese men and women who are not part of the rip-off honky-tonk environment around all of the U.S. bases in Japan. At Iwakuni the PCS collective sponsors rock concerts, camping and beach trips, and helps GIs publish a newspaper, *Semper Fi*, now in its second year.

DESPITE THE WIDESPREAD discontent and anti-military mood among GIs, few of them have the political background or experience to act effectively on what they feel. Military brass condone extensive use of pot, pills, and LSD to keep GIs

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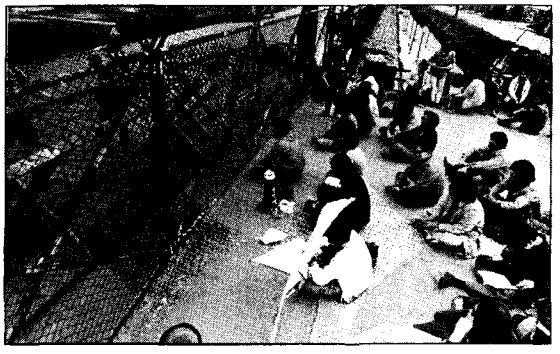

zonked and take their minds off their grievances. One story often told by American activists in Japan claims that a visiting American politician walked into a radar room at Misawa AFB and found the technicians on duty passing a joint. When they step off base, Japanese society greets them with bar girls and cheap merchandise stores, reinforcing racist attitudes toward Asians and sexist views of women. They live in a nowhere land, unable to connect with Japan, with America, with themselves, counting the days to discharge.

When GIs break through this cocoon of unreality and take part in political activities—anti-war or black GIs organizing together—they are often swiftly transferred or discharged. PCS offices and other places where American and Japanese activists get together with GIs are watched or bugged. Japanese plainclothesmen, looking like tourists or newsmen, are constantly snapping photographs at gathering places, meetings, and demonstrations. Nevertheless, GIs are openly taking part in anti-military actions in increasing numbers.

Beheiren, the Japanese anti-war group, has recently begun to move its demonstrations from downtown streets to the gates of U.S. bases. In May at Iwakuni and in June at Yokota Air Force Base outside Tokyo, Japanese demonstrators marched outside the bases and flew kites along the main runways. A GI addressed a pre-march rally at Yokota and about a dozen active-duty GIs took part in the six-mile march, among about five thousand Japanese marchers. Many white GIs along the way responded by flashing the peace sign and blacks greeted the march with "right on" and clenched fists raised.

—Robert Sklar

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Contradictions
by Carl Oglesby

THE IDEA OF Vietnam optimism was lately reintroduced in a liberal newsmagazine, but now the light at the end of the tunnel can no longer be told from a tunnel at the end of the light, figure and ground are reversing and interbleeding so ambiguously in current American consciousness.

The reappearance of antithetical hope within a general thesis of nonconventional strategic defeat is perhaps to teach us that there are surrenders and surrenders. Some of these succeed at defeat, if not in it. Others fail, or succeed only in spreading it. And maybe some surrenders avoid defeat altogether.

Whatever the case, any serious use of the national powers of surrender, which surely count among a people's most intimate possessions, will always awaken a good citizen's curiosity. Those of us whose feelings about surviving are still functional are puzzled and worried. We wonder what this most limited man Nixon really has it up in his mind to do.

Note to begin with how little he deserves this policy. If we attribute to inexperience his crazy, apparently casual assumption that Japan will work something out for herself within her now implausible alliance with New York City, his policy objectives amount to two aspects of innocence—peace in Vietnam and coexistence with China on what appear to me to be crystallizing as essentially Chinese terms. These objectives suddenly make Nixon look like a big Eastern multinational-corporation-style liberal, a left Yankee instead of a right Cowboy. Yet he has no more been the advocate than the philosopher of this terrifically delicate surrender, for which he continues to offer only Sunday-school level explanations.

More people than William Buckley are entitled to apprehension. What indeed became of the (fraudulent) conservatism which his administration was supposed to install? What became of his political responsibilities to the southwestern crowd, the independent oilers and generals and wheat farmers and their constantly gyrating schools of peddlers, bagmen, hustlers, dealers, and other big-time pigfish? They raise the question themselves. L. A.-Taipei traffic must be impressive these days.

* * *

IF HE DOES NOT DESERVE the policy, the policy does not deserve him, either. He falls too short too many ways, does not begin to command the domestic and international trust (perhaps affection, too) which any American president would need, besides possessing top-of-the-line grace, self-assurance, wit, energy, gaiety and ebullience, just in order not to be crushed (recall Wilson) by the portentous reversals of policy which Nixon definitely wants to seem to be mobilizing. I am sorry for the paranoid reverberations of that, but we are discussing, after all, the one and only Nixon.

Even as he admonishes us to recall our green pastures, he gives us the image, it is himself, of our bad historical luck. We may humbly acknowledge the peril with which our joint fortune rides on *that* shoeshine, *that* handshake, *that* smile. Just reflect, it is Nixon *alone* who must decide how firm to make it for Mao, or how much shorter and limper for Lin, or how self-recognizing to make his own first coy glances (over-bold? too flinching?) into the world-historical eyes of Chou.

Tomorrow I may want to write an apologetic retraction on the theme, "What newly emerging world reality was Nixon the first world leader to see and comprehend?" But until I see that light, I won't believe it. Think of some of the more immediate *major costs* of the apparent Nixon line.

Start with the Washington, D.C. Dream Machine, easily this culture's most justly celebrated gadget. Belly to belly against the facts of an extraordinarily violent war, it produced usable if fatal national illusions for years. These days, like a Weatherman's old abandoned paintbomb, it mainly fizzes and dribbles and will not talk sense. There will be touching reminders of yesterday's doomed panache, as with Rogers' attempt to explain why China should now want a red telephone of her own, and there will be much proving that we did finally achieve some important national objectives, *after all,* objectives which without this bum trip to Nam might never even have been noticed, and prizes will be awarded by the Friends of the State, Inc., to those who will affirm such a proposition with some skill and/or volunteer private testimony as to what these objectives must have been.*

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*This discussion will be subtle enough for any taste. Just to show: There must be currently developing, among military philosophers and their associates, a lively if not secretly murderous debate around the question, somehow posed.

"Would our forces have farted any louder against the outwardly stronger Russians or Chinese? Or does this commonplace formula *stronger* only mean *conventional* in this case? And might so dubious a *conventional* not carry too the extra taint of *orthodox?* Then are we encountering again, only now in ourselves, and in the presence of a fully self-presenting, often impenetrable, world that famous and always fatal refusal to welcome the future and its changes which we discover at the center of the collapse of every imperial system up to now? Up to ours? Repeatedly and against no expressed disbelief, we inform one another that each victorious military wants to fight its new wars in its old battles, the battles being those in which it imagines its skill to be unequalled (barring for us now maybe the Russians, whom our staff appear to find familiar, honorable, and basically sane peers); but the *new wars* are of course those in which the foe is no longer steaming flat out down onto Midway with his do-or-die fleet capability laid forthrightly on the line for any clown to ambush. We know we must plan some day for another *kind* of contest. But has an epochal transition actually been turned already? And is the true meaning of the

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YET WE ALREADY KNOW these mirages are dissolving as fast as they can be pumped. Emerging through them, an amazing Bosch/Tolstoy landscape, across whose smoldering stones the world's last industrial army floats by night and melts into the tyger-tyger forest by day. (A new sticker for me: "Bring our junkies home.") And the more Nixon must try to deny the moral disintegration of the U.S. forces on the ground, the more he compromises his tactical intelligence. The more he tries to accept and alienate it (in other words, to define troop morale as *a narcotics problem*), the more out of pocket he goes within his own private brother-bond of Floridian fools and Californian Cutthroats: for what is a Commander-in-Chief worth whose most reliable coercive force is rapidly becoming that of the municipal police?

Behind the dreams, there is a fatefully real context. In part, it consists of (a) the on-going, in-being, and not-now-reversible U.S. evacuation of Southeast Asia, (b) the waxing of the U.S.S.R. as a fully mature primary supernova with a firm power base in the navel of the world, the Mediterranean,* (c) the quiet but now more quickly forthcoming European settlement of European questions—*and so on and so on. In which context, the Nixon trip to China can only appear to ceremonialize a basic American retreat from Asia.*

Moreover, Nixon's combined Vietnam-China policy compels Japan to make basic decisions about China and the U.S. which will not be reversible for a long time. Thus, the Nixon moves themselves constitute a seemingly irreversible repudiation of ancient national wisdom about the necessary Pacific interests of the leading Western Power in history, and in particular about the right balance of Europeanism and Orientalism in the American philosophy of state. We now do not know if our government regards Japan as a mislocated Westerner or a misdeveloped Easterner; or whether Japan is still to be reached most comfortably through the Suez, or is it now the Yangtze or the Sea of Japan or the coastal cities of Southern California, or the Trans-Siberian Railroad after all?

* * *

IN OTHER WORDS, if this thing is what it seems to be, then Headquarters (San Clemente) of the Free World Empire must be struggling at this moment to draft an instrument somehow suitable to this task: "How shall we manage the separation of what has been traditionally viewed by American statesmen as a vital element of the American world system, namely, a position of unassailable authority and power in the Pacific?"

The event appears to have these indubitable meanings:

1. The cold war in the Pacific is now burning only on its ashes and is essentially over. The general organization of the from-now-on rapidly forming Pacific economy will—*conclusively*—be managed by an increasingly cosmopolitan China, a remarkably sophisticated Vietnam and a self-reorientalizing Japan, industrial island paradise to the blossoming continent. Japan, in other words, will not make the mistake of regarding China with Napoleon's eyes.
2. Within a decade of the last serious military spasm in Southeast Asia (is it already behind us? was Laos Dienbienphu turned inside out?), the natural productive cycles and patterns of the economic gearchain constituted by the continent, the subcontinent, and the island will be running at a tempo now unimaginable.
3. Hanoi will soon emerge (if she has not already) as a leading capital of this century's world culture, joining if not supplanting Paris, and will interpret Western civilization with an authority not less subtle than that with which Paris herself once gave world experience its "final" interpretations.

I receive the following curious message from Japan.

"The suspense—can one say it dissolved, as though it had been more than a shadow? We sense the presence now, however mixed our explanations, of a momentous transformation of the quality and direction of human experience. Suddenly, you Americans have found that you are not history's current subjectivity, the soul-center of current world-historical consciousness. A new power configuration takes form mysteriously before us all, a Titanic and an iceberg are about to get acquainted. *Can you not feel this in the earth?* . . .

"The champion Occidental power has been outflanked on her hot western slope, classically the vulnerable flank of occidental-style civilizations, by a currently less developed but more advanced version of her own mass-industrial society. . . . Creature of all the struggles against all the imposter cultures whose brutalities she endured throughout the protracted blood-passion of her revolutionary birth, China startled us all by this sudden explosive emergence as the Reigning Western Power of the future. The main event

(Continued on Page 59)

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war concealed from us within the fact that we do not or cannot understand what happened to us there? Can we shake ourselves awake and start to act on *what we already know to be true?* But then, what could that be? Is it the truth that we must fight no more strategic wars with tactical methods, or vice versa?"

And so on. It is fascinating to consider the positions that could be developed in such a Vietnam post-mortem dialog as it unfurls among the historian-philosopher political (court) intellectuals and their princes (a) of the Pentagon with all its rings, (b) of the service rivalries with all their academies, and (c) of the various theatre and service commands with all their miasmal politicking, an expensive habit which the Indochina war only financed. For a teasing but useful introduction to this complicated, intrigue-ridden international world of the military power freaks, check out Retired (read fired) Marine Colonel James A. Donovan's too-sensationally-titled *Militarism, U.S.A.* published by Scribners in paper, 1970.

*Firm but embattled. The July coup-countercoup in the Sudan, for example, resembles in its main features the comedy in which the leftwing "coup" is carried out by the right, which thus presents itself with the classical advantages of conquest by liberation. The Russians must have felt that one.

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Soul Kaleidoscope: Aretha at the Fillmore

IT WAS A NIGHT OF NIGHTS. Even Tower of Power was okay, and then King Curtis *and* his Kingpins *and* the Memphis Horns *and* Billy Preston, and after that, Aretha Franklin for an hour and a half, and *then* if your soul can stand it, *Ray Charles and* Aretha, and *all* of the above on one stage gathered, rocking, reeling, rolling, and *tumbling* with the dark spirit of music. It was Sunday, March 7, 1971, the excited eve of the Ali-Frazier fight, at the Fillmore West in San Francisco. The moment was recorded forever on inch-wide magnetic tape and is available on disc on the Atlantic label (a division of Kinney Services Inc.) as Aretha Franklin's latest LP release. I need not try to describe it; in any case, it happened simply.

Aretha was closing her third and final show, leading out of "Dr. Feelgood," as she had on the previous two nights, into a long "yeah" saying call and response with the crowd and, slowly like a sermon building, began "Spirit in the Dark." This song Aretha wrote last year as the title tune of her most recent studio record; it suggests that a good cure for whatever ails you is to cover your eyes with one hand, cocking the other hand on your hip, and to wait until the spirit in the dark comes pulsing inside you and you are dancing and feeling good again. Try it sometime. This night she spread it out forever, then she walked off the stage, but came back before anybody thought the show was over, this time with Ray Charles on her arm. She led him carefully to the microphone, sat down at the piano, and the song went on. Ray stood *beaming*, then, encouraged by Aretha, started to sing. The band soul-stewed as never before, the whole crowd boogied, and Ray and Aretha traded shouts, licks, riffs, breaks, jumps, and howls for all concerned to get, keep, feel, figure, and cherish that spirit.

It didn't stop. We danced, clapped, hugged, kissed, and finally wept, sweating, eyes open and closed, arms above our heads—and they sang. Aretha found Tower of Power's lead singer and danced with him. She got Ray to sit down and play. Play he did, dazzlingly. In perfect duet, each seemed more individual than ever: Ray, a more battered and older spirit in an oddly splayed body, Aretha a brown blossom, unquenchably feminine youth. Ray's heavy head is touched with grey, Aretha's skin is as clear as a Polynesian's. She could have been his daughter; a girl beside him, their selves seemed co-mingled.

Finally Ray went off waving to the crowd, leaving Aretha to close her own show. She sang a soft song about reaching out your hand to a friend and "making this a better world if you can." She bowed to all sides, spoke thanks to the band and to the crowd. She said goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. "I love you, I love you." She was gone. The lights went up.

* * *

MOMENTS OF PERFECT BEAUTY ARE BRIEF, impossible to repeat, and ultimately inexplicable. I did that night feel joined in musical/spiritual exultation with Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, and several hundred other humans, yet I can not say how or why. The moment, though part of sluggish time, was instantaneous and spontaneous, and seemed to transcend and illuminate the confluence of processes, large and small, which created it.

* * *

ARETHA FRANKLIN IS NOW 28. Music has been her life all her life. A performer since childhood, a professional since her teens, a success for seven years, and a star for four, she is the most successful black woman singer ever. At 26 she was the Queen of Soul, on the cover of all the magazines, every ambition fulfilled beyond expectations. Her crown, though profferred in apparent tribute, was heavy and hollow. It drove her to drink and demanded as its price an unqueenly slavery to the hit machine of "the charts." Aretha did her best—two handfuls of million-selling singles and four smash LPs in less than two years—but she couldn't keep the inhuman pace. Her marriage fell apart. The "Natural Woman" of 1967 found that "Eleanor Rigby" fit her mood in 1969. She recorded and performed erratically; her popularity and sales suffered. Cynics readied their "I told you so's," pointing out that she was falling back on pop ballads like "This Girl Is in Love with You" rather than the surging numbers like "Respect" which had made her famous. Her new albums seemed bland. Then she had a hit with the plaintive "Call Me," not quite a million, but big. Atlantic released *Aretha's Gold* which summed up her early years. She remarried happily, let her hair go natural, defended Angela Davis as a beautiful black woman, and last summer put out *Spirit in the Dark*.

This album, with Aretha shrouded in darkness on the front and looking expectantly into the light on the back, was an absolute triumph, a creation of strength and grace that few artists ever achieve. Aretha Franklin's voice has always been as supply brilliant as brook water, its expressive clarity always magical. Yet until *Spirit in the Dark* she was a young woman artist moving in a world directed by middle-aged white men whose smiles did not disguise their power. While they needed her voice to make the product they sold, they, not she, determined the essential limits of the product.

by Michael Lydon

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In 1967 Aretha worked within those limits. She knew no other possibility. All she did know was that she could sing. "My music is me," she said in an interview for a news weekly, "but I'm not sure what that is." Her voice could bring fame, jewels and white fur. She worked hard like a good girl, quelling her shyness and doing what she called "the uphill thing."

Spirit in the Dark, more mature musically than anything she had done before, was a dramatic declaration of independence. The generosity of her self-delight illuminates every song. "Hopes up to the skies," "Nobody gonna turn us around," "Think I got a winning slip," "I'm pullin' on in," she sings. Five of the twelve tunes she wrote herself; the rest she chose boldly from the hits of bluesmen Jimmy Reed, and Kings, B. B. and Ben E. She makes them hers. Not once does the band or strings cloud her own presence. She plays the piano as she never played it before, striking the keys as hard as Thelonious Monk. The background vocalists, singing arrangements she created, no longer just underpin her fervor, they complement it subtly as perfume.

With this record Aretha Franklin seemed to have become an entirely new artist, if not a whole new person. Her position had not changed, nor had the soul show biz limits dissolved. Yet it began to come clear to her that it was no longer *necessary* to act as others wished her to act. How she might choose to use the new freedom was still a problem. She cut another album, as yet unreleased, which she has titled *Young, Gifted, and Black. Spirit* sold well but did not win her back the huge audience she had had three years before. So she decided to mend fences, and this past winter for the first time began appearing outside the coliseum circuit to which her "Queen of Soul"-style fees had driven her. She wasn't playing clubs exactly, but she did go out after an audience. She scrapped the ponderous Donald Townes orchestra which had accompanied her in concert in favor of tight combos of Rhythm and Blues studio musicians—often the same men who had accompanied her on record.

The Fillmore weekend was one of those promotional dates —she was the star of a record industry convention, and did the Apollo and Fillmore East too, plus some benefits. How much of this she personally planned I don't know. Bill Graham and Atlantic's Jerry Wexler worked out the Fillmore arrangements. The main obstacle was Aretha's own business advisor, Ruth Bowen, head of Queen Booking, one of the biggest and most conservative black-run management companies. For Mrs. Bowen the Fillmore is dangerously *déclassé,* not respectable enough. Aretha is, after all, a preacher's daughter. Would Lena Horne play before a mob of unwashed teenagers sitting on the floor? Moreover, Bill Graham could not pay the $20,000 a show which Ruth Bowen demands on Aretha's behalf. But Aretha was becoming impatient with such high-tone stuffiness. Once Mrs. Bowen was assured the money, when Atlantic agreed to underwrite the three days by making a record of it, she went along.

A solid plug that Jerry Wexler got inserted in *Rolling Stone* put the word out (San Francisco would be blown into the Bay, Wexler promised), and the three nights sold out immediately.

GOOD MUSIC RESULTS FROM TAKING enjoyment in the creation of sound. It requires great discipline and patience, but no self-denial. When I was in school, music meant playing from books, years of study, memorization, and cruelly hard work. Even after all that you could never be as great as people who had been dead for centuries. There was an aura of reverence which surrounded the gods of classical music, and one was not supposed to put false gods before them. Now, when the beauty of "classical music" is opening to me more, I feel it was not the music but a cultural incomprehension of music which created that repellent aura.

Sensing a fear of human equality in my culture's exaggerated respect for a "bunch of dead Germans," I was attracted to the "everybody welcome" feeling of black American music. Since I first heard the Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall record and began to respond to music with my own, not my culture's, enthusiasm, black music has been associated with my rebellion against my own culture and my efforts to find a new culture that I liked better.

Black American music has been a beacon and inspiration. Not quite "soul" music for me (it feels more like part of a possible future than from my own past), it seems like a truly new idea, one which has emerged in my own time in the classic way new ideas have emerged in "intellectual history"—like Protestantism, for example. The growth of black American music has been synonymous with the growth of a consciousness. As the first music to wed itself to the power of electricity, it has been able to communicate that consciousness with a vividness unprecedented in musical history. It is always hard to describe the idea, but everybody, both for and against, knows what it is. The idea of black American music is:

BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE TIL YOU'RE DONE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE
BOOGIE CAUSE IT'S FUN
BOOGIE MEAT
BOOGIE SOUL
BOOGIE NOW
AN' THEN SOME MO'

* * *

JERRY WEXLER, HIS PAJAMAS ROYAL BLUE, was in bed with the flu at the Huntington Hotel, San Francisco's equivalent of the Carlyle (Aretha was at the rather more brassy Fairmont across California Street). It was a pleasure to meet him, for Wexler, executive vice-president of Atlantic, is indisputably one of the powers of the black music industry and has been for nearly twenty years. As righthand man for Ahmet and Nesui Ertegun,

Photographs by Jim Marshall

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who owned the company until 1969 when they sold it to the Kinney-Warner conglomerate, he helped build Atlantic into the most important of all the R&B/jazz independent record companies. In the late '40s and early '50s, there were dozens of these "indies" or "off-brand" labels. Working from store-front offices and shoe-string studios, the companies recorded the electric urban blues of the post-war ghetto. Not only did they compete fiercely among themselves, but they also fought an often losing battle against the "majors"—the downtown record companies—which, with money, prestige, and power, could lure away the most successful talent which the little companies had painstakingly developed.

Only the fit survived; Atlantic flourished. While most of the "indies" were run by scrappy businessmen whose horizons were only a bit wider than those of the black artists they had under contract, the Erteguns and Wexler were at home both in the rough-and-tumble "indy" world and in the drawing rooms of the rich and polite. Mongo Santamaria plays at Ertegun parties which are photographed for *Vogue,* and Wexler can growl "listen, motherfucker" to a DJ on one line as he keeps a countess on hold. Likewise in sound: the "Atlantic style" melds unquestionable funk with sophistication and flawless musicality. "We like a little *bel canto* on our stuff," says Wexler; the company has had its share of unexciting talent, but all its products are finely crafted.

It has had more than its share of exciting talent. Ray and Aretha the company officially designates as its two "geniuses" (though Aretha has not had a "genius" LP), but it has also had John Coltrane and the MJQ. Atlantic brought Otis Redding and the whole Stax-Volt roster from Memphis to international attention, and since the mid-'60s has scored spectacularly with its first forays into white pop/rock. Eric Clapton may someday be a "genius," and Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young have been among the biggest earners in the post-1967 music boom. The key to success in the record business, says veteran producer Ralph Bass, is "finding the bodies"—recognizing talent, getting it signed and in the studio. Atlantic has the key, plus salesmanship. The company pushes its product with a determination so dogged that it must spring from devotion. Wexler is a businessman but "with a heart for the music." The label is known as a good label; musicians and listeners tend to trust Atlantic as a company that keeps its side of the bargain.

WEXLER SHOOK HANDS AND BROUGHT out a joint. His face was friendly, greyly leonine, his voice gruff. A one-time journalist (at *Billboard*) and still would-be writer, he likes to talk to reporters. Today there were three at his bedside. He spoke of the weekend ("We want these longhairs to *listen* to this lady; after that there'll be no problems"), of why the Erteguns and he had sold Atlantic to the Kinney Corporation ("It comes down to, unless you sell, you can't realize what you worked your life to get in a form you can pass it on, like, to your kids"), and said that we shouldn't be talking to him but to Syd Nathan of King Records or Al Bihari of Modern ("they were the cats who did the hard work to get the music out of the ghetto. It wasn't the big companies that were hip to black music, man, it was the 'indies,' dedicated guys like Georgie Goldner, he found Frankie Lyman, dig?"). He said the American music-buying public is still racially prejudiced, consistently preferring white imitations to the real thing. "You can sell black stuff now, sure, but you gotta fight for it."

His combination of cynicism and nostalgia, anecdote and innuendo, was captivating—we were getting the straight dope from the man who knew. His charm is famous; one reason for Atlantic's high critical esteem is that there are few music writers who do not consider it an honor to know Jerry Wexler.

My intentions were quite specific: I wanted to find out why Ray Charles had left Atlantic at the end of the '50s for ABC-Paramount. That event has divided Ray's career in half, and while by now his post-Atlantic years and output double those of his time with Atlantic, many still consider the move a self-crippling mistake. The standard explanation is that Ray left for money; the standard implication is that Ray sold out.

At Atlantic Ray had grown from a blues pianist/singer to a master and synthesizer of all known black music idioms; in his decade-plus at ABC he has added every white idiom to his bag, making hits with country and western tunes, pop standards, and modern rock 'n' roll. Today he is an idiom unto himself, creating beyond the reach of comparative or categorical evaluation—"the only genius in our business," according to Frank Sinatra. His powers of musical invention and emotional expression appear limitless.

His new music (which includes a breath-taking version of "Indian Love Call"), however, is taken less seriously than the "legendary" Atlantic sides made "before he added all those strings." I know of no critic who will argue that Ray has grown in stature at ABC (now he makes records on his own Tangerine label, distributed by ABC). Purists, led by Jerry Wexler, persist in vain hopes for "the old Ray" to return. "I say nobody can beat Ray on stage," he said that afternoon, "it's just that he hasn't made a good record in years." In the liner notes of the *Ray Charles Story, Volumes One and Two,* an Atlantic "greatest hits" repackaging job released after Charles left Atlantic, Wexler spelled out the purist canon.

In November 1954, Ray was "full fledged . . . nothing basic has been added since that day, just more of the same," Wexler wrote. In 1959, after two years of "reluctance," Charles was dubbed "genius," and an album featuring strings and a large band was released. (Shortly thereafter Ray signed with ABC, without notifying Atlantic; Wexler does not mention it.) He does say that "listeners who weren't quite ready for the unvarnished Charles brand of musical truth found the strings-and-voices palatable." Ray had, however, *really* "changed not one iota" from the small R&B combo days. Wexler finishes by commenting that Ray has not been writing many songs of late and that "in some listening segments, there is a marked preference for the early, seven-piece, hard-hitting gospel style."

That canon has become the popular line on Ray Charles; his new works, including his most recent and magnificent LP, *Volcanic Action of My Soul,* are seldom heard on the

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radio. Ray himself works the Vegas club circuit in his private plane and keeps his own counsel, ignoring critics ("I'll be alive tomorrow no matter what they write about tonight," he told a happy crowd recently), and playing and singing more beautifully then ever. Like Alfred Hitchcock, he has gone into the limbo reserved for those whom critics like better immortal than live. In a culture that does not value age, maturation of vision is an irrelevant concern. Ray Charles is 43.

Why did Ray Charles leave Atlantic? I did not find out, for Jerry Wexler, the man at Atlantic who most closely handled Ray's recording career, said he did not know. He had, he said, "followed Ray all around the country with a contract in my hand," but to no avail. Why? "For one thing, as you know, Ray is blind, so he has *aides,* dig, and for them the status quo means nothing's happening. They like change. So they got Ray's ear, maybe they inflamed suspicions in his mind, who knows, but they were saying, 'go for money.' Maybe it was that he wanted to be on a major label, to 'make it,' get away from the 'indy' background." Was there any conflict between himself and Ray, any bad feeling? "No, absolutely *none.* Ray and I have *never* fallen out personally."

The conversation drifted on. Wexler spoke of Aretha's drinking ("though she's got it under control now, I think"), added that he'd speak to her about giving interviews, but that maybe she'd be difficult, then started hyping Donny Hathaway, a young black singer who might be "another Ray." If we came back the next day we could hear a dub of his new record. He was full of praise for King Curtis who, after years as a regular Atlantic studio man, is becoming a producer. Curtis, said Wexler, "has a sense of organization, of getting things done sensibly," and the company had high hopes for him. "He's not your standard big-name artist who's a hopeless egocentric about how important he is." I asked him what and who he might mean. Wexler looked surprised, as if to say, doesn't everybody know that artists are basically egotistical? "I'm not naming names," he said, "that's a whole can of worms I won't open."

* * *

I DID NOT GET AN INTERVIEW with Aretha Franklin that weekend. Not that I was refused; the three times we spoke Aretha was polite. The second and third times she pointedly remembered my name. The interview didn't happen because at heart I did not want to sit pad in hand asking her stilted questions. A reporter for nine years, I have been interviewing musicians for six, drawn to them by an uncontrollable love of their music. My reporter's mask got me much closer to them than the average fan in the street could get, yet it left me stuck with a frustrating and often humiliating "role" to play. I never felt I could be myself with those whom I queried and wrote about, and never became friends with any of them. The awkwardness of it all seemed in direct contradiction to the spirit of the music.

A few months before this weekend I had picked up the guitar myself, and from this new vantage point of musicianship, however lowly, I had less desire to ask Aretha about influences and plans. Her music was what she was saying that weekend. I wanted to listen, not question. It was a big disappointment not to interview her, but there were compensations. When I told Cornell Dupree, who's been playing guitar with King Curtis for twelve years, that I knew three chords, he said, "Blessings upon you," and shook my hand.

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Cornell Dupree, by the way, plays guitar like an angel. Gangly and boyish, he's got a big grin and long fingers. All weekend long I seldom saw him off the stage—he was the first to start playing, the last to stop. Except perhaps for his mate Jerry Jermott on bass, who is taller and more somber. King Curtis, as bandleader, was often in conference with arranger Arif Mardin or Bill Graham, but he too was playing music every available minute. So was drummer Bernard Purdie when he wasn't talking with pretty girls. This band, King Curtis and the Kingpins, are men ready to make music at a moment's notice, falling into it as smoothly as sleep. They smiled a lot, particularly organist Billy Preston, never showed bad temper, and got along together with a male camaraderie that was sure and relaxed. It was pleasant to be around them. This was a gig and a good one. They worked it the best they knew, but the work was play and they could whistle on the job.

* * *

"Ahmet Ertegun announced this week on behalf of Kinney Services Inc. that Kinney has obtained world-wide rights to recordings by the Rolling Stones. . . . These records will be released world-wide on a newly created label called Rolling Stones Records . . . [and] will be distributed by Atco Records, of the Atlantic-Atco-Cotillion group in the United States and by Warner Bros. in Canada. . . .

"Marshall Chess, on behalf of Kinney, will coordinate the activities of the new label and will handle liaison among all of the companies involved.

"Mr. Ertegun said 'It is one of the most important moments in the history of the Kinney group (which includes the Atlantic, Warner Bros./Reprise and Elektra companies) to be associated with this most outstanding rock and roll band. . . .' "

Kinney news release, April 1971

BACK IN THE 1940s, WHEN THE WASPS still believed in their divine right to rule America, movies were the national entertainment as surely as baseball was the national sport. Vaudeville was dead, Broadway had begun its decline, and the night clubs and dance halls were not doing the massive business they had done before the Depression. "Hollywood" was a byword the world over; at home and abroad, movies commanded the big money, the big audiences, and the big talent. The most American art, it was also a most American business. The major studios, by controlling their own theaters and distribution networks, divided the bulk of the take among themselves, just as the giants of "Detroit" controlled the profits of the national vehicle.

Movies no longer hold that position. Television robbed them of their automatic audience, the studio system broke down, and the foreign film invasion made Los Angeles one film capital of many. Costs rose, returns became less sure. Although much of "Hollywood" is now making television shows, it is not the once-dreaded TV which is taking the silver screen's place at the top of America's entertainment pyramid—it is popular music.

In the 1960s the recorded music industry experienced a growth of total business and profits which has staggered its own imagination. "We've become a billion dollar industry," Jerry Wexler says often and incredulously; one hears the same self-reminder intoned by other record execs. The trade has been able to sell more and more records at higher and higher prices, complete the switch to stereo and start on quadraphonic, and simultaneously push taped music in reel-to-reel, cartridge, and cassette form, as well as marketing ever more exotic player systems and new paraphernalia like headphones. A new broadcast outlet—FM stereo—is now airing its products in a velvet-gloved version of the high pressure AM sell, and a whole field of journalism has been created to review, generally glorify, and publicize their product. Records were once sold from behind counters in small record stores; now they are stacked six feet high beside ringing registers in discount sound supermarkets.

The billion dollar turning point came in 1967. Until then the 45 disc was the most important medium for pop music; LPs were still more associated with musics that sold to smaller markets. But then, just as books in paper had found their way out of bookstores and into the drugstores, LPs got onto "the racks"—the trade's name for all non-record store sales outlets—at supermarkets, discount centers, and at department stores in the new shopping plazas. *Sgt. Pepper* was crucial. For three years the Beatles had been on top, but their market, although bigger than any rock market before them, was still primarily the teen 45 disc market. The new wave of interest in rock generated by San Francisco and psychedelia was the first real challenge to the Beatles and the British movement. Would the Beatles sink or swim? They triumphed with a masterpiece that lent all of their prestige to psychedelic and electronic music, summed it up, and then transcended it. Their record established the "album" as the new expressive unit for rock 'n' roll, and joined the rock market to the pop market to create a new "youth" market, the upper limit of which was now 35, not 19. Since then, 45 sales have declined relative to album sales, and rock-pop figures like James Taylor (on Warner Bros.) are selling to an audience so diverse as to be virtually uncategorizable.

By riding all of that, Kinney, from its parking-lot origins, is now in an aesthetic/economic relationship to its time not unlike a major film studio's in the '30s and '40s. Kinney makes money from Stones, Aretha, the late Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, Eric Clapton, Woodstock (records, film, and name on T-shirts, kites, etc.), Little Richard, Steve Stills, the Grateful Dead, Judy Collins, Paul Butterfield, and many, many more. All these stars are horses in the conglomerate stables. Records by the stars, or by combinations of the stars, are like the MGM and Warner Bros. films of thirty years ago which can be seen as the shifting collaborations of artists under studio contracts. Are the Crosby, Stills, etc. LPs like Astaire-Rogers musicals?

The history of the movie-to-music evolution is complex, but Kinney's growth suggests it well. Warner Bros. enters the '60s as a great studio, yet not the power it had been. Frank Sinatra, a pop music star who had to go to Holly-

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wood to make it *really* big, goes even bigger by starting Reprise Records. Its success attracts WB which is looking for new entertainment resources to offset the insecurity of movie profits. Warners buys Reprise. Then in a David-Goliath deal typical of 1960s financing, little Seven Arts, a film production company, buys Warners/Reprise. The next series of purchases happens so fast that even company employees are unsure of who is selling what to whom. It ends up that WB adds Atlantic to itself in a deal that puts Atlantic's Ahmet Ertegun in a position more powerful than the head music man at Warners. For, in another series of moves, in has come Ted Ashley from the Ashley Famous Agency (which disappears to become Marvin Josephson's International Famous Agency) to reign as entertainment tycoon for the whole of Kinney which owns Warners and Atlantic. This show biz empire-building is so earthshakingly immense that its tremors even reach me—my agent, who was with Josephson, moves a few blocks to the IFA offices, and her stationery changes.

Barely has all that settled when I hear that Kinney has also bought Elektra, rounding out its consolidation of the independents. Columbia is Kinney's only rival. From now on, the distribution systems and many internal company services will be pooled, though the companies will remain "independent." The addition of Marshall Chess to their executive roster is the final and perfect ironic touch: Marshall is the beloved son of the late Leonard Chess, founder of Chess Records, the proto-typical ghetto independent and home of the Chicago blues upon which the Rolling Stones based their music. Meanwhile Chess Records has been bought by the GRT Corp., a tape conglomerate, and its offices moved from Chicago's South Side to Manhattan. The one-time majors—Decca, Capitol, and RCA Victor—are continuing with catalogues basically unchanged since Eddie Fisher and "How Much Is that Doggie in the Window," the point when, borne by the "indies," black American music entered the white popular market.

* * *

Yeah,
She's 36 in the bust
28 in the waist
44 in the hips
She got real crazy legs . . .

She's not too tall
Complexion is fair
Man, she knocks me out
The way she wears her hair

You upset me baby
You upset me, baby
Like being hit by a falling tree,
Baby, what you do to me!

"You Upset me, Baby" by
J. Josea-Maxwell Davis
Copyright Modern Music
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ARETHA FRANKLIN IS SHORT AND ROUND. Her clothes—high boots, short knit dresses, sunglasses, and costume jewelry—are stylish and expensive, but, while they suit *her*, they are not glamorous. She is a lovely black sister, not a willowy show biz singer like Diana Ross or Dionne Warwick, whose well-earned successes have in part depended on their stunning faces and figures. Aretha's beauty, while no less apparent than theirs, is more internal. At rehearsals her movements were restrained, her demeanor quiet and even shy. While the Sweethearts of Soul, her back-up singers with their curly wigs and patent leather bags, flirted and carried on like schoolgirls, Aretha stayed in the background when she wasn't singing. Her eyes took everything in but gave little back.

She was, of course, working hard, preparing not only for three shows in an unfamiliar and challenging milieu, but also to make a record which, in her art, is the medium of permanent statement. Yet how much was it *her* record? It would be called an Aretha Franklin record and all depended on her, but all was not directed by her. Wexler, Graham, King Curtis, arranger Arif Mardin, and Ruth Bowen were, however subtly, more in charge than she. They deferred to her every spoken wish; when she did not speak, they decided.

The tension between Aretha as a Negro woman singer, a role allowed her by precedent, and Aretha as a newly adventurous artist in the popular music medium, was palpable. She was not making her record the way her white male contemporaries, Bob Dylan, John Lennon, the Stones, or Leon Russell make theirs—on their own with friends, delivered as tapes to submissive corporations. On the other hand she was far freer than in her days at Columbia or when she was Atlantic's brand new success in 1967. Here she was this weekend, the ranking black singer of the day, playing the Fillmore—in much the same position, four crucial years on, as Otis Redding had been at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. Where might Otis' music have gone after "Dock of the Bay," written on a Sausalito houseboat during a Fillmore engagement? The Fillmore audience had certainly changed B. B. King's music and career—how would it change hers? Might it help her break the invisible constrictions of race and sex that still webbed her in?

Her quietness that weekend suggested determination. As photographers came close to snap and snap at her again, she looked deeply into their lenses and did not smile. Wexler kissed her on the cheek when he arrived on stage Friday afternoon; Aretha was unmoved. When no one could figure out the words of Steve Stills' "Love the One You're With," Aretha listened to all suggestions, then said she'd sing it the way it made sense to *her*. Her short natural hair revealed a strong neck.

She was smoking, not chain smoking, but almost, menthol cigarette after menthol cigarette. Blues singers have never tried to save their voices—the idea would be nearly incomprehensible to them—and Aretha is a blues singer. Yet, had an opera singer had Aretha's voice, she would pamper her throat as a delicate and irreplaceable musical instrument should be pampered. I found myself wishing that Aretha would stop smoking. Her cigarettes seemed part of her

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guard; why should she turn the tensions of her struggle against herself? Even Bob Dylan sounded better after he quit, and no one says he can *sing* the way Aretha can.

* * *

WHAT DO I MEAN BY "BLACK American music?" "Music that is inspiring to the head *and* heart, to dance by and cause you to pat your foot," says Chuck Berry. Blues, boogie-woogie, jazz, R&B, rock 'n' roll, soul, gospel, swing, funk, bop, and the Mashed Potatoes. Mostly it is made by black Americans, but there are people of all colors, who have gotten the hang of it and express themselves with it. It doesn't really have a name; labels and music don't mix. May I trust you know what I mean?

* * *

Recently I visited a class at Berkeley. A group of black kids dominated the hour-and-a-half lecture and scared everybody. One kid was almost as good as Little Richard, fast and piercing, hurling questions and slashing the air with a pointed finger. The kids said they were not hostile, "just trying to find out what the fuck is actually happening, man." One of them did spill out anger, screaming "motherfucker" and "asshole" a lot. I got scared and annoyed, telling myself, "Arrogant bastards, hung-up black cats," but I found that if I listened to their words — which was all that was happening, harmless old words — that I agreed with everything they said.

I decided to get close to them, walked up to where they sat, and sat down. I was nervous and said how frightened I had been even though I dug them. The Little Richard guy first waved me away; he preferred to talk to 500 people. I said, "You seem tense." He said, "You'd be tense if you were me." "I can dig it," I said, trying to get out that I *was* him, but all I could say was, "Boy, am I tense, I am fucked *up!*" Somewhere in there I realized that *he* did not scare me, I was scared already.

* * *

Friday night went off fine. It seemed a mistake to have Tower of Power on the bill. An okay young rock band, they were dwarfed by what followed them. But they are part of the Bill Graham-Fillmore empire, and the weekend was good promotional exposure. King Curtis and the Kingpins were a knockout, Aretha superb. The song order got mixed up at one point, King Curtis calling one tune when Aretha wanted another. Aretha did Curtis' song and seemed mildly miffed, but it was just a first-night rough spot, and the crowd went home satisfied.

* * *

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IT WAS BACK to the Huntington to hear the new Donny Hathaway LP which Wexler had hyped to the skies. Again a group of writers, out came the joints, on went the record. Otherwise a respectful silence. I found myself not liking the record, pulled out my notebook, and wrote: "Jerry Wexler is saying this guy is a fit and possible inheritor of the mantle of Ray and Aretha. I hear him as a super-talented musician, backed by brilliant instrumentalists, but an unsure young man, inclined to sentimentality and little boy appeal which lacks the manliness that Ray had at 19, and lacks the pride and striving for freedom that characterizes every note that Aretha ever sung."

As he flipped the record, Wexler said, "He's conservatory trained." That I could hear, but little else. If this was Wexler's third genius, Hathaway sounded like his first false genius. Genius one had gone to another label, genius two was asserting herself; was Hathaway a genius who would stay *Wexler's* genius? The record ended.

Wexler said he had a tape of *Young, Gifted, and Black*, Aretha's latest work in progress. It was still a rough mix, and most of the horn and string tracks had not been added, but he'd play it anyway. It was incredible, as far beyond *Spirit in the Dark* as that had been beyond her earlier stuff. The arrangements she had worked out for the background vocalists were smooth as smoke. Her piano tinkled like Errol Garner and rang with the authority of classical harmonies. "I see a brand new girl," she sang in one song; that's how she sounded. I couldn't just listen, but sang along.

As I was leaving, Jerry spoke to me at the door.

"You know, I didn't *really* mean it about Donny." Aretha's voice was still coming out from the little tape machine. "Wow," he said, "the music *pours* out of her!"

* * *

SATURDAY NIGHT WAS, WELL, STUPENDOUS. There are many ways for an R&B horn section to play a phrase, but it sounds best if they come in *absolutely* on time and full strength from the first instant, so that there is no ragged fade-up from silence, but a sudden punch of sound. Wayne Jackson's Memphis Horns are as crisp as karate. Wayne is small, plays trumpet, runs the Horns as an extremely successful business, and says that "playing music is 99 percent confidence." The group was once known as the Mar-Keys and can be heard on almost every Otis Redding record as well as many TV commercials. The other five guys, like Wayne, are white Southern boys who for some reason ended up blowing in Memphis, not picking in Nashville, but it's all music from the same part of the world.

And King Curtis—if you have ever been exposed to popular music in the past fifteen years, you have heard King Curtis. He is *the* R&B saxophone player, responsible for most of those great rocking sax breaks you remember from the '50s, composer of "Soul Serenade," and a New York City session man of the first rank, on more records probably than Bernard Purdie, who holds about the same position on drums that Curtis covers on sax. Curtis is big, at least six feet three inches, with the heavy gut of a muscular man living the life of steaks and import beer. All weekend he wore a black leather jacket with a horse's head coming through a horseshoe done in white leather on the back.

Jackson, Purdie, Curtis—they are complete musicians. Their idiom is modern rhythm and blues which, while becoming technically more sophisticated since its raucous

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early days in the late '40s and early '50s, has only gained in funky power. The point of it is to entertain, make 'em dance; there's not much thought about art. Yet the idiom in no way restricts the musicians; they love to play and play the music they love. It comes out R&B. While the fun of jazz for a jazz musician might be more and more complex harmonies, or even the abandonment of "harmony," the fun for an R&B cat is to find ways to increase the dramatic contrasts within a song, to create ever more intense rhythms. Because that's what people like, colorful songs with drive, songs you can get the feel of and feel *with*.

So Curtis and company came on stage Saturday night and started out with "Knock on Wood," a Stax-Volt classic, and it sounded just the way the trumpets looked gleaming in the stage lights, Purdie rocketing away, his eyes seldom leaving Curtis' swaying back, Jermott's fingers bounding up and down the long neck of his bass, Dupree light and pretty on guitar. After three bars you realized what fun it is to be there, one of those small Paradises everyone hopes will dot their lives.

It's pleasant to be in the crowd too. The grass roots that Aretha has drawn were not the hippies, but black teenage kids, most of them, like Aretha, in the Fillmore for the first time. They are black kids like none I ever knew—Afros, self-assured, smoking grass and drinking wine. Some of the girls were over-dressed to be sitting on the floor, and I saw guys worried about the creases in their slacks, but they weren't *spades*, but something new. Is Aretha their Beatles?

Aretha herself was in a trailer parked outside the stage door. A waiter from one of San Francisco's better restaurants took in a meal on a silver tray. She was the star, but when she came on stage she earned her position all over again. There were no rough spots Saturday night. Sometime I scribbled in my notebook, "Billy Preston—INSPIRED!"

* * *

I took a rough poll of the musicians that weekend on how they're betting on the Ali-Frazier fight. Without exception they were betting on Ali. The Kingpins were to play at his post-fight party. About half called him Ali, the other half said Cassius.

* * *

A FEW YEARS AGO I WROTE THAT Chuck Berry's challenge to Beethoven—"Roll over, Beethoven, and dig these rhythm and blues"—was "comically arrogant." That phrase seems to have a racial bias I no longer feel. Berry was being neither comical nor arrogant (though he is bold and funny), but right, and powerfully musical besides. In *Blues People* LeRoi Jones documents the growth of the collective spirit expressed in black American music. By the 1950s "Negroes" had organized themselves to the point of beginning open popular rebellion against the racist consciousness which had put fences around their bodies and minds. Black music, similarly, had grown from workers' chants into a complex of styles which combined "black" harmonic and rhythmic ideas with "white" instrumentation. Music was open to more black people as a profession, a chosen life of self-expression, not just playing peripheral to the crushing burden of staying alive. Jazz musicians had achieved a world audience by mid-century, and when black musicians turned their blues into *electric* music, they became not only creators of a new idiom, but pioneers of a new musical age. Chuck Berry was right because he is a musician, composer, and visionary fit to joust with Beethoven for a place in musical history. The great ship of Western music has in the past twenty years drastically altered its course. It was Berry who saw which way it was headed, for it was Berry and his friends who had slipped up out of steerage and seized the helm.

* * *

Aretha and Ray sat together at the Sunday night dinner party before the show. Their table was right beside the queue waiting for ribs and greens. It was as much a receiving line as a food line. They both shook dozens of hands, and everyone with an Instamatic got a snap. They didn't appear to talk much, but they hardly could have in the circumstances. When not being spoken to, Ray was quiet, even withdrawn. Wexler waved me over to shake hands with him. Introducing me, he told Ray I was writing an article and was "into your music." "I'm glad of *that*," Ray replied, meaning digging his music, not the article.

* * *

Ralph J. Gleason who has been following the growth of Black American music with passionate interest for thirty years, wrote a reflective column last winter on the mysterious and virtually unpublicized death of Albert Ayler, a jazz musician whose body was found in New York's East River. The low significance the American public accorded Ayler's death angered Gleason, but, as if in defiance, he made the strongest prediction of his career: that soon, in the near future, there would be a "coming together of all musics." What could he mean? Wouldn't it be something?

* * *

SUNDAY NIGHT—I'VE ALREADY DUCKED out of describing that. Listening to the record now, I can hear what happened as I did not hear it then—we were too busy making it happen. I remember that when Aretha shouted something about, "Every now and then you gotta sit down, cross your legs, cross your arms, and say, 'Yes, Lord,' " I had an image of a middle-aged black lady like Rosa Parks on that bus in Montgomery, Alabama, or maybe Beulah, and figured that feeling like that would feel fine.

Aretha, in white and gold, was so beautiful that night, her voice soaring, her energy awesome. "You have been more to me than anything I could ever have expected," she called out toward the end; "You too, you too," we tried to tell her back. She came down the runway. Hands reached up to touch her, she reached down to touch them. When it was over, it felt like a new beginning.

If Ali had won the next night, you could have convinced me we were about to enter the promised land.

Michael Lydon is a leading writer on rock and blues. He is the author of Rock Folk *recently published by Dial Press.*

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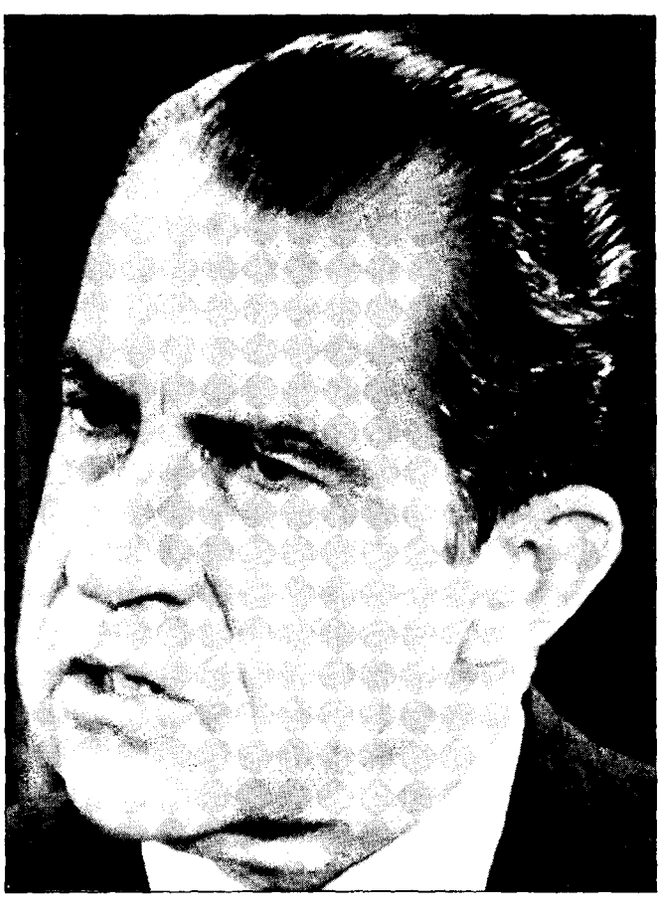
John Foster Dulles

Chou En Lai

Henry Kissinger



President Nixon

Wide World Photos

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The Making of America's China Policy

IT WAS A FRUSTRATING DAY for James Reston, vice-president of the *New York Times* and minister without portfolio for America's journalistic mandarinate. Landing in Peking on July 12 with the thought of perhaps claiming new diplomatic territory as well as scoring a journalistic coup, he was told by the head of the information service of China's foreign ministry that Henry Kissinger had just left Peking and, it would shortly be announced, President Nixon would visit the People's Republic of China next spring. It was at this moment ("or so it now seems," Reston later wrote) that he experienced the first stab of pain in his side that would land him in the hospital for an emergency appendectomy the next day.

Before leaving New York, Reston had received a letter from Dr. Oliver McCoy, president of the China Medical Board, an institution John D. Rockefeller had created to run the medical college he had built there in 1916 and which was nationalized by the Communist government thirty-five years later. Dr. McCoy told Reston that if he should happen to notice a "large group of buildings with green tiled roofs not far from the southeast corner to inquire what those were." The old medical college had now become the Anti-Imperialist hospital, and it was in this unlikely setting that Reston had the consolation of at least being the first member of the American establishment to receive acupuncture treatments in the new China.

If such ironies dogged Reston's trip, they were also present in the larger drama that had been played out two days earlier amidst sumptuous 17-course dinners. For Henry Kissinger—the man who masterminded Nixon's new diplomacy in China and scooped James Reston—had once been the foreign policy advisor of the President's arch-rival for control of the Republican Party, Nelson Rockefeller. He was a strange *alter ego* to bear the tidings of American "friendship" which was being offered after twenty years of unrelenting official hostility by President Richard Nixon. And Richard Nixon was himself an unlikely president to be making the offer. For this was the man who, in the words of Reston's *Times,* had "led the political clamor of the China lobby to ostracize the Chinese Communists from the community of 'peace-loving' nations" two decades ago and had earned spurs in the McCarthy purges by baiting the China experts who were then urging no greater accommodation to the revolutionary government than that for which Kissinger's secret mission had now set the stage.

These unexpected juxtapositions and ironic turns at the surface of policy are no mere coincidences. By their very incongruity, they suggest the presence of deeper continuities underlying Nixon's new approach toward the mainland. For despite sharp tactical lurches and even unforeseen veerings off course, there are few areas where the significant patterns of policy and personnel have been more stable in their way than in the field of China affairs. Nixon's new gesture, which looks almost impulsive and shrewdly tied to such political events as the 1972 election, has in fact been a bipartisan strategic planning assumption for a long time now among those who have always determined America's posture toward China. The *Times* itself pinpoints 1966 as the moment when Nixon realized that "no future American policy in Asia could succeed unless it came 'urgently to grips with the reality of China.'" All that was left to the White House quarterback was to choose the right political moment: "And just as his popularity at home dipped to a new low, with the Vietnam controversy swirling anew all around him and the North Vietnamese pressing for a quick and final deal to drive him out of Saigon before the end of 1971, Mr. Nixon lobbed the long one."

[CHINA AND THE AMERICAN EMPIRE]

SINCE THE CLOSING OF THE CONTINENTAL frontier at the end of the 19th century, China has occupied a special place in the self-conception of an American world role. Many historians have even designated America's subsequent global expansion as the pursuit

by David Horowitz

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of "open door empire," citing the famous diplomatic notes issued by Secretary of State Hay to warn the European powers against compromising the territorial integrity of China, and the principle of free access to her vast markets. Woodrow Wilson made probably the most candid observation on these notes, when he described them as "not the open door to the rights of China, but the open door to the goods of America." But in the huckstering vision of American statesmen, even the vulgar economism of this conception remained somehow noble. As a U.S. ambassador to China wrote in 1914, "Any development of enterprise which increases American commercial interest in China is incidentally favorable to Chinese independence."

The messianic effort launched in these years to bring salvation to China and the world in the form of American ideals and institutions was integrated not only in its conception, but in its conceivers as well. One of the most significant emblems of this integration, then as now, was the name "Rockefeller," which was associated not only with the early missionary embassies and philanthropic aid programs, such as the converted medical college where James Reston's appendix was removed, but with politics, education and commerce as well.

From the outset, Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company and its sister financial institution, the First National City Bank, were the largest U.S. business interests in China. At the turn of the century, the Chinese were already buying 100 million gallons of kerosene annually, more than 90 percent of which came from the famous Trust. As merchant princes abroad, the Rockefellers appreciated the importance of working closely with the U.S. embassy. "One of our greatest helpers," noted the oil magnate in his memoirs, "has been the State Department in Washington. Our ambassadors and ministers and consuls have aided to push our way into new markets to the utmost corners of the world." This was a partnership that in one manifestation or another was to remain a dominant force in the formation of U.S. China policy for the next half century and more.

[AMERICA IN PRE-REVOLUTIONARY CHINA]

AMERICA'S EMERGENCE AS A WORLD power during the First World War had been accompanied by a new if not yet fully accepted internationalist posture in foreign policy. In the immediate postwar years business globalists, who were already administering the world's credit, began to develop planning groups like the Council on Foreign Relations, and research associations like the Institute for Pacific Relations, towards the inevitable day when Americans would be administering the world's peace as well.

From its creation at a YMCA conference in Honolulu in 1925 until its destruction by McCarthyism twenty-five years later, the Institute of Pacific Relations was the center of organized research on the Far East. So extensive was its monopoly of knowledge that during the Second World War virtually all the OSS (intelligence) chiefs with jurisdiction in Asia were IPR members and in 1945, the Institute was duly awarded the Navy Certificate of Achievement for providing intelligence in the Pacific theater of operations. Both the initial capital for the Institute and the core of the subsequent financing was provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, and accordingly a Rockefeller trustee was made chairman of the IPR board. Among other significant trustees of the Institute (and guardians of the Asian intellectual establishment) were Arthur Dean, a law partner of the Dulles brothers and attorney for Standard Oil, C. B. Marshall, a vice-president of Standard Oil, and William G. Brady, chairman of the National City Bank.

In addition to businessmen and the traveling researchers of the IPR, China was criss-crossed during the interwar years by a network of Christian missionaries, public health, medical and agricultural experts. In a technologically backward and poverty-ridden country like China, this group of educated Americans constituted a vital nucleus; its "technical" advisors were to be found throughout the Nationalist administration and even Chiang Kai-shek's chief advisor on agrarian reform, the critical issue in the political struggle then being waged, was a Christian missionary.

During the turbulent thirties in China, this network of Americans generally strove for a "gradualist alternative" to Communist revolution. Their effort was organized around public health, educational and agricultural programs, and was the work of several groups, including the Christian colleges, the National Christian Council, the YMCA, private Chinese institutions, international relief agencies and the Rockefeller Foundation, the most strategically influential of the lot. The community nature of their efforts was also strengthened by a unifying presence behind the scenes. For the chief funder of the IPR, and a principal financial angel of the YMCA, the Protestant missions, and private Chinese institutions as well as the Chinese famine relief agencies was John D. Rockefeller Jr., whose father half a century earlier had begun the "cultural" investment in China by creating the chief source of the rural reconstruction effort's public health expertise: the Peking Union Medical College. This institution was the beneficiary of thirty million dollars of Rockefeller largesse, an incredible sum at that time, making it the premier institution of its kind in the Far East.

[DEALING WITH THE REVOLUTION]

AFTER THE JAPANESE ATTACK on Pearl Harbor, the U.S. involvement in China's civil war escalated. The men who staffed the cultural and missionary communities before the war now went to work in the OSS and the State Department to aid Washington's efforts both to prevent China's submergence in the Japanese Empire and to maintain her pro-Western orientation now threatened by Communist revolution. With the end of World War II, this process accelerated: between 1946 and 1948, Washington sent more than twice the sum in military and economic aid to Chiang's battle coffers than it had made available to the Generalissimo for the war against Japan.

On July 27, 1949, with the Communist armies rolling towards the Nationalist capital of Chungking and Chiang's armies surrendering without using their American-purchased arms, Secretary of State Dean Acheson appointed a three man board to undertake a review of U.S. policy

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towards China. The three China advisors reflected the composition of what was at that time the U.S. China lobby. One was Raymond B. Fosdick, president of the Rockefeller Foundation. Another was Ambassador-at-large Philip C. Jessup, who was soon to become a prime target of McCarthy's attacks and who represented, though not necessarily in any formal sense, the other powerful institutional foundation of American internationalism: the banking and investment House of Morgan. A protege of Elihu Root (who was himself an attorney for Morgan and Carnegie and a former Secretary of State), Jessup had also been a key figure in the Institute of Pacific Relations (as had Everett N. Case, the third man on Acheson's board).

Two months later, as the People's Republic was proclaimed in Peking, these three men and other representatives of America's China establishment were called to the State Department for a confidential (now de-classified) three-day roundtable on U.S. policy towards the new regime. This panel, which was chaired by Fosdick, included the leading China experts of the Institute of Pacific Relations, several businessman-trustees of the Institute, the head of the International Missionary Council and a philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller III.

Among the guidelines it suggested were two that have become classic in the first-stage U.S. approach to revolutionary regimes, and which are unusual in the case of China only in that they endured far beyond the point of utility. The first of these strategems was the attempt to contain and isolate the new regime, withholding recognition with the idea of bringing about its collapse. This was put forward by Mr. Rockefeller: "On U.S. trade with China," he observed, "my own reaction is that it should be limited. It seems to me that the fastest way to contain the Communism [sic] is to discredit it in the eyes of the people of China. It seems to me if the economy worsens, that this will arouse opposition to it, and as I see it, the opposition is essential if new leadership is to develop in China, and I do feel that this new leadership is tremendously important."

Of course, cutting off a poverty-stricken country of 500 million from the world economy with the idea of increasing its wretchedness to the point where the people would cast up a leadership more pliable towards U.S. interests had some drawbacks from a propaganda point of view: "I appreciate that curtailing trade will be a source of propaganda for the Communists to use. They will say we are starving the Chinese people by not continuing our trade, but it seems to me whatever position we take in China, the Chinese Communists will develop propaganda that will be against us, and certainly if by trading with China and the Chinese people generally, we do help conditions there, the Communists will be the last to give us any credit for it." No disinterested philanthropist this!

Another theme emphasized at the roundtable was the strength of the nationalist revolution in Southeast Asia and the importance of exploiting that revolution in the struggle with Communism. Professor John King Fairbank, today the most eminent China scholar in the country, was also at the conference. At the time, he observed: "The line of anti-Communism in Asia is not a very good line. It is a subjective projection of our own view. . . . It is much better to be anti-Russian. . . ." A year earlier Fairbank had correctly observed in an IPR publication that "China's Communist movement has been for two decades in the hands of Chinese." However, the theme of Soviet Russian dominance of China was soon taken up with a vengeance by the State Department, and especially by Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Dean Rusk: "The Peiping regime may be a colonial Russian government—a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale. It is not the Government of China. It does not pass the first test. It is not Chinese. . . ."

Dean Rusk was himself an important focus for the threads of the story of U.S. China policy and its architects. Together with his mentor John Foster Dulles (who at that time was the chief Republican advisor on bipartisan policy formation), Rusk managed the containment of China for the better part of the next two decades, stepping aside only in 1968, when the Nixon-Kissinger team took over. In "private" life John Foster Dulles had a special interest in Asia, serving both as an attorney for Standard Oil and chairman of the board of both great philanthropic foundations of internationalism, Rockefeller and the Carnegie Endowment; and when Dulles moved to the State Department in 1952, Rusk left Washington to become president of the foundation created by John D. Rockefeller.

[MC CARTHYISM AND CHINA POLICY]

As already suggested, the policy of isolating China and applying pressure to the regime to promote its collapse was not an unusual way for the U.S. to cope with successful revolutions. Sixteen years had elapsed before Washington recognized the revolutionary Soviet government in 1933, and it has been eleven already since there was a U.S. Ambassador in Havana. But in the spring of 1950, domestic and international events intervened to lock China policy into something even more rigid than the usual (or utilitarian) limits of containment and to give a good part of the national issue back to Peking.

Internationally, the Korean War erupted to precipitate a change in the official U.S. attitude toward the island of Taiwan, where the rump of Chiang Kai-shek's defeated Nationalist Army had retreated. President Truman had pledged on January 5, 1950 "not to interfere in the present situation," and not to "pursue a course which will lead to involvement in the civil conflict in China." But when the fighting broke out in Korea on June 25, under circumstances that remain obscure to this day, Truman interposed the Seventh Fleet in the Taiwan straits, thus intervening directly in the civil war and creating what is today the thorniest obstacle in the way of a new relationship with the Chinese mainland.

In addition to these international complications, the spring of 1950 witnessed the political emergence of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, who achieved instant notoriety with his charges that the State Department had been infiltrated by Communists and had "lost" China as a result. One feature of the McCarthy attack which was certainly not lost on the group of upper-class custodians who had watched over China policy till then was its populist element. For McCarthyism was distinguished among American witchhunts, in that "it was a calculated attack on the loyalty of mem-

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bers of the Anglo-Saxon establishment rather than members of minority communities" (E. Digby Baltzell, *The Protestant Establishment*). McCarthy drew his support from ethnic outsiders (the Catholic Kennedys for instance), workers and small businessmen; his political strength lay in the "isolationist" wing of the Republican Party, representing midwestern, western and southern industrialists. His targets, on the other hand—Dean Acheson, George C. Marshall, Philip Jessup and Charles Bohlen (not to mention the just convicted former president of the Carnegie Endowment, Alger Hiss) were all Social Register aristocrats and charter members of the Council on Foreign Relations set. Whatever else McCarthy may have accomplished, he made it very difficult for these sophisticates of modern empire to create a flexible and effective policy towards China for the next two decades—at least during Democratic administrations.

While the election of Eisenhower in 1952 resulted in a settlement of the Korean War which Truman would have found politically impossible, no similar adjustment of China policy took place. If Alger Hiss's friend, Dean Acheson, had been vulnerable to McCarthy and the McCarthyites on the China question, his successor John Foster Dulles (who as chairman of the Carnegie Endowment was Hiss's boss) was not, and it was Dulles who carried the hard line in Asia for the next seven years. Dulles did not represent a unified establishment on the question, however, and as early as April, 1954, a tactical disagreement within this group over policy towards China was highlighted by an article which appeared in *Foreign Affairs*, the prestigious house organ of the Council on Foreign Relations. The article was authored by Arthur H. Dean, who succeeded Dulles as head of the Sullivan and Cromwell law firm, and who, as special deputy to Dulles, had just negotiated the armistice in Korea for the U.S. government.

In his article, Dean urged the recognition of China and the adoption of a "two Chinas" policy for handling the representation problem in the U.N. Dulles, however, was still adamantly set on the old strategy: isolation of the Communist regime to bring about its collapse. Therefore, the confrontation in the Taiwan Straits continued, with open military clashes occurring in 1955 and 1958. In that latter year, the State Department issued a policy memorandum which declared that "one day [Communist rule in China] will pass" and by "withholding diplomatic recognition from Peiping [the U.S.] seeks to hasten that passing." There was, in short, a basic difference in the strategic assumptions of Dulles and Dean as to how successful the traditional attempt to strangle revolutionary regimes at birth might still be in this case.

[RE-THINKING CONTAINMENT]

IF THE MC CARTHY SYNDROME MADE it extremely difficult for the Democrats to make a political issue out of Dulles' rigid and risk-filled confrontation policy in Asia (one recalls how even Kennedy's feeble efforts during the 1960 debates were parlayed into "soft on Communism" charges by Nixon), it did not preclude the gradual formation of an elite consensus as to the necessity of a shift. When the time came for an accommodation to the reality of Chinese power in Asia, the outlines of a new policy would already have been agreed upon. To implement such a shift of course would require a figure who was invulnerable to the old McCarthyite charges: Richard M. Nixon, for example.

The organization to undertake such a task was inevitably the Council on Foreign Relations, which had been created in 1921 with Rockefeller and Carnegie funds, and had since become a permanent caucus and strategic planning association for the establishment internationalists. Composed of the business and foreign policy elite, including such crucial names as Morgan, Rockefeller, Harriman, Root, Hughes, Stimson, McCloy, Lovett, Dulles, Lippmann, Stevenson, Bundy and Kissinger, the Council has been unrivaled over the decades in setting long-term U.S. policy goals.

In 1958, it organized a two-year "study group" on Communist China, which undertook a massive review of the strategic assumptions of U.S. policy. The group included, among others, the presidents of the Carnegie Endowment and Rockefeller Foundation (Joseph E. Johnson and Dean Rusk), several former State Department planners, representatives of the Joint Chiefs and the CIA, and Arthur Dean. The volume which emerged from the group *(Communist China and Asia: Challenge to American Policy)* echoed Dean's previous conclusion which Dulles had disputed: "there is little to sustain the belief that nonrecognition can contribute significantly to 'hastening the passing' of the Peking regime, as the State Department maintains"; it proposed instead a "two-Chinas" strategy of containment without isolation.

In 1962, an even more ambitious Council group was formed (undertaking an eleven-volume, three-year study), funded by Ford and headed by retired CIA chief Allen Dulles and Robert Blum, a former CIA operative in Indo-China, and president of the CIA-funded Asia Foundation. The group also included Carnegie Endowment head Johnson, and Arthur Dean. This time the recommendations, as embodied in Blum's summary volume, were more decisive: "American objectives in Asia and the stability of the area will be difficult to achieve if the gulf between the United States and Communist China continues to be as wide as it has been . . . we should be prepared to recognize the government of the People's Republic of China as the government of China and to establish diplomatic relations with it, if and when it becomes clear that our action would be reciprocated and would have some promise of yielding useful results."

It is probably not mere coincidence that Richard Nixon became convinced of the need for American policy to come "urgently to grips with the reality of China" just about the point, according to the *Times*, at which the CFR study concluded its sessions and published its findings. Nor that, at the same time and in the midst of escalating the Vietnam war, Lyndon B. Johnson gave his famous "reconciliation" speech (the very incongruity, again, was instructive) blaming China's leaders for her isolation, but emphasizing that "lasting peace can never come to Asia as long as the 700 million people of mainland China are isolated."

This emerging consensus, which was to achieve its most

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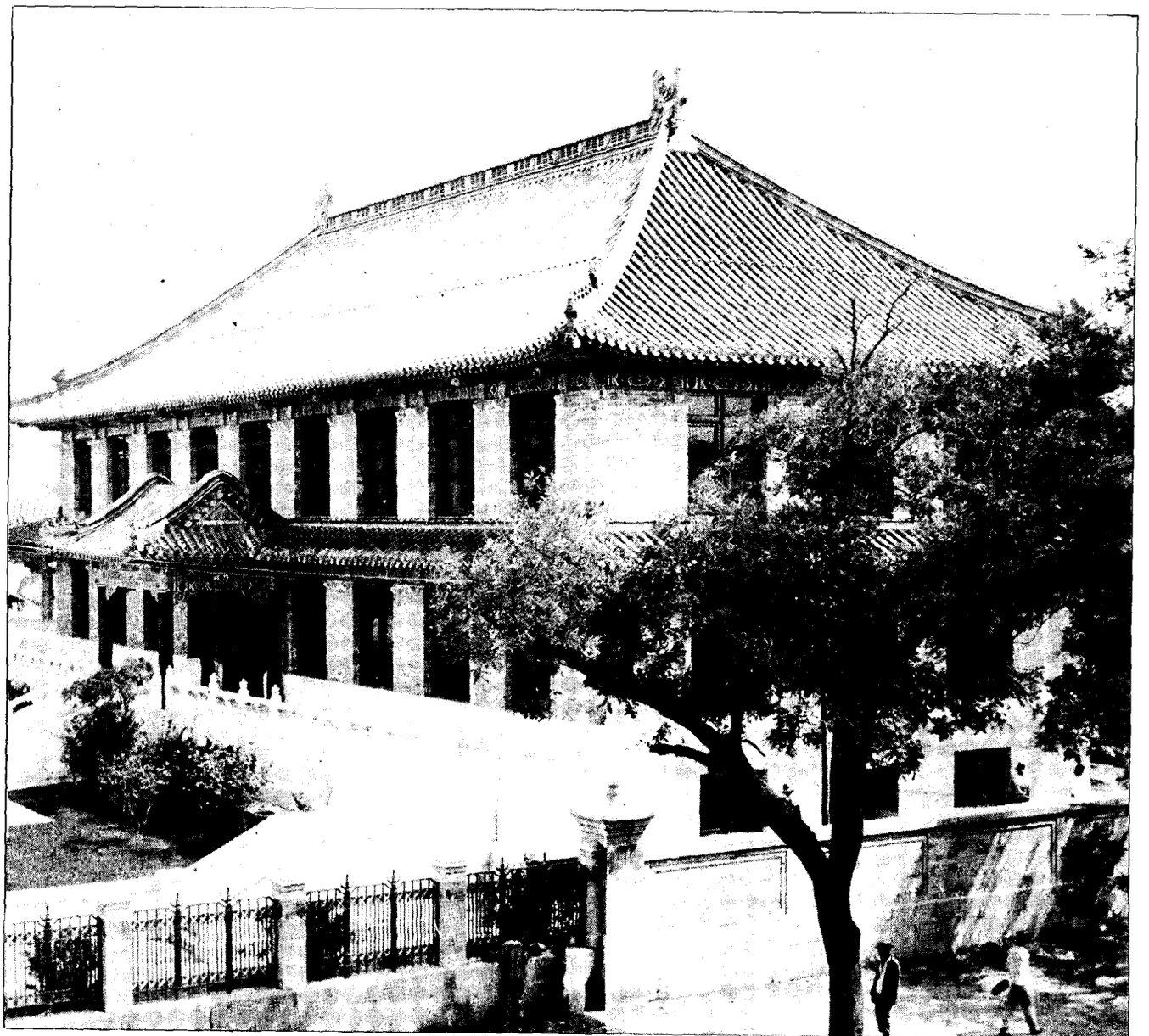

Peking Union Medical College

impressive moment when the China policy was changed without significant public attack, would be more mysterious if elaborate steps had not been taken to tie up the entire field of China expertise and policy advice seven years earlier.

[FORMING A CONSENSUS]

IN 1959, AT THE BEHEST OF the Ford Foundation, a conference of academic China scholars was convened at Gould House, New York, to discuss the future of contemporary China studies. Attending the conference were sixteen China scholars, seven of whom were members of the Council on Foreign Relations. Also present were representatives from RAND and the State Department, and four from the Ford Foundation, including three CFR members. One of these was A. Doak Barnett who had led the original 1958 study group on China. Also present from the group was John M. H. Lindbeck, who was attending Gould House as an "academic," having just left the State Department to become associate director of Harvard's prestigious East Asian Research Center. At Harvard, Lindbeck was entrusted with special responsibility for liaison with foundations, government agencies and national committees.

On the basis of a proposal drawn up by Barnett after the Gould House meeting, the Ford Foundation invested an incredible $30 million in the China field over the next decade, matched by a supporting $40 million in university and government funds. (This was a field that sported only 100 graduate students in the entire country in 1960.) The programs thus funded were designed in accord with the "area studies" concept, which had been developed in the OSS during the war, and were concentrated in centers at four schools—Harvard, Columbia, Berkeley and Seattle. They were set up along lines that had been laid down for the

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Russian Institutes created during the early cold war years (see Horowitz, "Sinews of Empire," RAMPARTS October 1969).

The same policy orientation in the "academic" research and the same well-structured channels to the intelligence and military communities which had characterized the Russian area studies programs were evident in the new China field. The same centralization and control were also apparent in the creation of a "Joint Committee on Contemporary China" to oversee and integrate the field on a national basis. Members of this committee included such government-oriented intellectuals as Robert Scalapino (CFR), Zbigniew Brzezinski (CFR), Lucien Pye (CFR), as well as Lindbeck and Barnett. The presence of these latter two State Department alumni at the very top of the academic China framework—they both served as chairman of the Joint Committee and were heads respectively of the Harvard and Columbia Institutes—emphasized the political nature of the whole enterprise. (Lindbeck's academic credential was a Ph.D. in theology; Barnett, who had only an M.A. in political science and could not read Chinese though he had spent many years in the Far East, was given a full professorship at Columbia in 1961, occupying a million-dollar chair, created by Ford especially for the occasion.)

Another result of the sophisticated political planning in Ford's academic philanthropy was the healing of the breach that the McCarthyite witchhunts had created in the field ten years earlier. This was an essential step in forming a consensus approach among the China experts. John King Fairbank (CFR), president of the Association of Asian Studies, who had presided at the Gould House conference, had been a victim of the investigating committees. In a calculated gesture Fairbank arranged to have George E. Taylor (CFR), the right-wing head of Seattle's Far Eastern Institute who had supported the witchhunt (and been ostracized in the field as a result), appointed the first chairman of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China.

In June 1966, having reknit the unravelled threads of China scholarship and expertise, the Ford Foundation reached into its pocket and created a National Committee on U.S.-China Relations to mobilize citizen support for a more realistic policy approach. (The first chairman of the Committee was Scalapino, the second Barnett.) Given the continuing Vietnam escalation and the rebellions at home, it was nearly three years before the Committee held its "first national convocation" at the New York Hilton, with an appropriately bipartisan, consensus-making rostrum of speakers. These included Democrats and Republicans, professors (Fairbank and Taylor) and bankers, right-wingers and liberals, and of course the inevitable representative of the philanthropic community, who summarized in his own person the continuity of interest in Asia—John D. Rockefeller III.

Rockefeller's brief remarks served as the introduction to the affair's headline speaker, Edward Kennedy ("like the boats he loves to sail—Senator Kennedy thrives on a fresh breeze"). In an ironic twist, considering his own advice at the State Department roundtable two decades earlier, Rockefeller observed: "For the past twenty years we have had no relationships with mainland China at all. During this time our thinking about that great country has been dominated by fear, so much so that in the recent past many regarded it as virtually treasonable to even raise the question of rethinking China policy. This sort of rigidity has no place in a democracy. . . . We must come to think openly in terms of reasoned and enlightened self-interest."

[MULTIPOLAR ROULETTE]

IN LOOKING FOR REASONED self-interest in the current Administration opening to China, one need go no further than the Vietnam war, which Washington must terminate sooner rather than later, and on the most favorable terms it can get. Having learned from past experience with the Russians that "revolutionary" states can deal as "responsible" members of an international status quo in which they have a stake, Washington is clearly hoping to get from the Communists in Peking what it can't from the NLF in Paris in the way of a settlement. On learning of the Kissinger trip, the Vietnamese pointedly warned against any big-power attempt to settle Vietnam's destiny over their heads, as was done previously in 1954. But it seems evident that Nixon's policy guru, Kissinger, is himself convinced of the feasibility of precisely such a development. In an essay on "The Vietnam Negotiations," published in the January 1969 issue of *Foreign Affairs* (reminding us that Kissinger launched his political career as a Council on Foreign Relations protege), he argued, "Hanoi is extraordinarily dependent on the international environment. It could not continue the war without foreign material assistance."

Whether the calculation will work remains to be seen, however. We have moved imperceptibly into what strategists are calling a "multipolar" world. Nixon's gambit to bring China officially into the global arena is not only designed to buy time and room in Vietnam, but to counter the Asian maneuvers of Russia and of Japan, the new giant of the Pacific in military and economic terms. In a gesture rich in ironies, Russia has already indicated that it will not back a new international conference on Indo-China over the heads of the Vietnamese.

For their part, the Japanese, who have begun to emerge as the third industrial and military power of the world, and the chief international competitors for American business, do not see the event as the great diplomatic victory pictured in this country. Their initial—and therefore revealing—reaction to the Kissinger embassy (which was not disclosed to them as allies beforehand) was to regard it as a bid to make the U.S. and China arbiters of the destiny of Asia, and as a "surrender" by Nixon to Mao. Though certainly overstated, this view did draw attention to the clear risks of the concessions that Nixon has been forced to make, as well as the risks he has incurred, both of which have been overlooked in the West. With no immediate *quid pro quo* from Peking, Nixon has made any further escalation of the Vietnam war extremely difficult for his Administration (and probably politically suicidal); he has greased the skids under Chiang Kai-shek, and he has destabilized the alliance with Japan—a critical factor in the Asian power puzzle.

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The risks, however, are calculated, and in the short run may pay off. "Kissinger is a devoted student of the balance-of-power concept," a senior member of Japan's Defense Agency told *Newsweek*. "Now he's cleverly closed off our options. We have no alternative but to follow the U.S. lead." The same report, however, ends with a Washington official's speculation that Japan would probably "go nuclear in order to get some independent leverage in Asia." From such clever balance-of-power politics, wars have frequently resulted.

[POLICY AND OIL]

ONE SHORT-TERM OPPORTUNITY which the Nixon-Kissinger game plan seems designed to seize, however, is a front-line position in the current oil rush now in process in the Asian seas. Geologists have known for twenty years about the subsea oil fields of East Asia, which were described as "one of the world's richest oil pools" at a 1970 conference in Singapore sponsored by the leading international oil bank, the Chase Manhattan. At that conference, the bank's president, David Rockefeller, estimated that over the next decade, oil companies would have spent $35 billion on exploration of the field.

The current scramble among oil giants and their governments seems to have been triggered by a combination of events: the pro-Western coup in Indonesia which opened that country's oil resources to foreign exploitation, the winding down of the Vietnam war, and the trouble in the Middle East which threatens profit margins and supplies in the richest of the world's oil-producing areas.

At the time of the Kissinger visit to Peking, the continuing uncertainties in Southeast Asia were becoming an increasingly pressing concern for officials dealing with the oil problem. In particular, the uncertain outlines of the Vietnam settlement, the shaky position of the Saigon government, the lack of diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Peking were jeopardizing the U.S. position in the oil rush. (Both Peking and the NLF had warned the U.S. that they would regard as illegal any concessions signed by Chiang Kai-shek or the Saigon regime.)

As the trade journal *Petroleum Engineer* observed recently, "The projected work pace for all of Asian Pacific [sic] could turn out to be woefully conservative, depending on how long it takes to settle the war against the Communists in Vietnam. If and when the U.S. wins its objectives there, oil exploration conceivably could be successful enough to turn that part of the world into another South Louisiana-Texas-type producing area. This would be one of the biggest booms in the industry's history. It all depends on the Vietnam war, how long it takes to get the job done and how well the job is done."

As if to emphasize the fluidity of the situation, the French made a bid to supervise the tender for oil concessions for the Vietnamese, and the Saigon government was at first favorably disposed. In the *N.Y. Times* account of this move, an American oil man, representing "one of the world's most powerful" companies, was quoted as threatening to use his company's influence in the U.S. Congress to block or reduce economic aid if Saigon did this. "I let [the Saigon Economy Minister] know if he let the French do this, then he could damn well ask the French for economic aid as well, because the Americans wouldn't come through with it." Recently 18 U.S. companies (including Standard Oil) and a dozen Japanese and European oil firms have applied for leases being offered by the Saigon government for concession areas covering the 160,000 square miles off the Mekong Delta.

The oil tangle, and related questions arising over disputed rights between U.S. oil concessionaires and the People's Republic of China in the East China Sea, were high on the agenda at a little-noted policy meeting of U.S. Ambassadors to East Asian and Pacific countries which took place on May 17-21 in the Philippines—six weeks before Kissinger's visit to Peking. Heading the top-level delegation to the conference from Washington was Undersecretary of State John N. Irwin, who, having negotiated with Peru over the nationalization of a Standard Oil subsidiary there, has gained a reputation as Nixon's "oil envoy." In private life, Irwin is a corporate lawyer for the Rockefellers and the Rockefeller Foundation, his law firm having been founded by Raymond Fosdick, the former president of the Foundation, trustee of the China Medical Board and one of Dean Acheson's special advisors on China policy twenty years earlier.

[THE NEW OPEN DOOR]

IF THE CAST OF CHARACTERS seems monotonously familiar in all these negotiations and maneuverings, that is an inevitable consequence of the stability of those long-term corporate interests and powers on which the American overseas empire is built and which American foreign policy, by the grace of such bodies as the Council on Foreign Relations, is designed to serve. The American "open door" empire was not born in war, nor will it end with this one. It is a more complex phenomenon. As long as the control of the world's resources and wealth is an open possibility for giant corporations with immense political and cultural power at their disposal, the pursuit of empire will continue. And the task of carrying it on will be transmitted through the generations. This was the unstated theme of an article appearing in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* accurately titled, "Recollections of a Cultural Imperialist (j.g.)." The article was written by James C. Thomson Jr., son of a missionary family, former State Department official, professor at Harvard and currently a Council on Foreign Relations study group leader: "For the *real* China lobby within American society," he wrote, "this past spring has been a season of exhilaration. I speak of those scattered thousands throughout our country who once lived in China and are determined someday to return: the pre-1949 expatriates of the missionary, business, diplomatic, journalistic, and even military community, but especially their legions of sons and daughters. For twenty years now, inside and outside our government, nostalgia for a 'land of lost content' has afflicted a small but persistent cluster of Americans. 'Back-to-the-Mainland' is no monopoly of Chiang Kai-shek."

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Down and Out in London: The Common Market Dilemma

"At the close of the Middle Ages, a sombre melancholy weighs on people's souls. Whether we read a chronicle, a poem, a sermon, a legal document even, the same impression of immense sadness is produced by them all. It would sometimes seem as if this period had been particularly unhappy, as if it had left behind only the memory of violence, of covetousness and mortal hatred, as if it had known no other enjoyment but that of intemperance, of pride and of cruelty."

J. H. Huizinga, The Waning of the Middle Ages

IF THE QUERULOUSNESS WHICH FUTURE historians will detect in the British bourgeoisie these last 20 years lacks the *fin du siècle* grandeur of the emotions evoked by Huizinga, it nonetheless has the same pre-eminence in a period of inexorable decline. Most crooks need masks; every state must have its alibi for actions taken. In Britain, the trouble has been that the old masks and trusted alibis have failed in their normal, comforting role.

Every month brings its harbinger of ruin in a period afflicted by unsteady currency, contracting markets, outdated institutions and mass unemployment. In February 1971, in the solemn tones reserved for a major cataclysm, the bankruptcy of Rolls Royce was announced. It is difficult to describe the resonance Rolls has for the British. It stood for splendid engineering, the emblem of conspicuous yet dignified consumption and, in a more central way, for "craftsmanship." Widows on fixed incomes, scions of the upper classes, some of the Rolls work-force—investors everywhere had their money in RR. Then, suddenly, it was in the hands of the receiver. The great triumph of the '68 contract to supply RB-211 engines to Lockheed had turned to disaster. The middle classes then found themselves in a dreadful dilemma. Common sense dictated that the new Conservative government nationalize Rolls Royce, renege on contractual commitments as rapidly as possible, and generally bustle about picking up the pieces. Conversely, however, ideology demanded that "government stay clear," and, as stated in the Tory election manifesto, let the weak and unworthy go to the wall. Furthermore the clearing banks and City financial institutions, from whom RR had borrowed enormous sums, were infuriated since they had been led to believe that their own loans were to be backed up by a government subsidy of $360 million to RR. It was the government's welshing on this commitment that led to the final crash. In this atmosphere of acrimony and despair, it was predicted that 200 subcontractors to RR would go broke, and 80,000 workers would lose their jobs.

In a sky as black as this, every trivial portent becomes a symbol. Late last autumn a furtive exchange took place in a rural saloon north of London. The documents that "passed hands" (as the police say) had not been filched from the dwindling pile of British defense secrets: rather they represented a pessimistic civil service inquiry into the affairs of a major insurance company called Vehicle and General. For a number of years it has been possible for British insurance companies to operate their business in a state of criminal laxity. Assets legally required to be shown bore little relation to the computed weight of future claims. In the case of Vehicle and General, the Board of Trade (the relevant civil service department) had finally accumulated enough evidence to confirm the direst of predictions. V&G went into liquidation. It speedily emerged that leading shareholders (including a former chairman of the Conservative Party) had unloaded prior to the crash. It also emerged that it had been an open secret in the City for years that V&G was "an unwise investment proposition" (i.e., run by incompetent rather than competent ruffians). Finally it emerged, and is still emerging, that the tip-off to the scandal came from the Board of Trade itself.

The totem that is tottering in this case is the awe in which the British civil service is held. Jokes about "red tape" and bureaucrats notwithstanding, there is a profound belief in the integrity and high-mindedness of the civil servant. Known surprises, like the spy Philby, came almost as confirmation of this conviction, since it is evident that he too had integrity, but merely invested it in the services of a foreign instead of a domestic department. Very different is the realization in the case of V&G that civil service departments give information about citizens to credit agencies, about commercial inquiries to anxious investors, and contracts not solely to the lowest bidder.

BANKRUPTCY AND DECLINE . . . there are illustrations of the British decline and fall on every level, from the comical to the immense. Every couple of months one or other of the two leading salesrooms in London becomes swollen with members of the aristocracy and upper middle class. With the subdued eagerness of an 18th century public hanging, the crowd throngs

by Alexander Cockburn

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to attend "a great sale." Amid a reverential hush, the bidding is opened at 200,000 guineas. Vaulting up by sums of 50,000, the auction proceeds into an empyrean of riches. A million guineas . . . a million and a half. On and on: up and up. In this manner two English Lords, the Earls of Radnor and Harewood, have recently disposed of Velasquez and a Titian to American millionaires.

Quite suddenly it is assumed that *England* is being deprived of these treasures, so long and so quietly moldering in some country hall. The government is urged to act, to outbid the bidder and "save" Velasquez or Titian for the country. The Titian picture in question, sold to J. Paul Getty for a million and a half guineas, has been loitering around English mansions since 1800. Previous to that it was owned severally by the Duc d'Orleans, an Italian cardinal, Queen Christina of Sweden, the Governor of the Netherlands, and was originally painted for Philip II of Spain by a citizen of Venice.

Whence therefore the anguish? There are thirteen other Titians in British galleries, and Getty had promised to keep the picture in England for two years. The reason is the picture's symbolic status. The fact that by 1966 U.S.-financed firms owned 7.2 percent of the net capital stock of companies in Britain, accounted for 10.5 percent of total sales in manufacturing and, in 1965, for 17.5 percent of manufactured exports seems to lack, for the bourgeoisie, the same brute immediacy of a picture leaving after 170 years' residence. For it, the beauty of the picture lay more genuinely in its historical status as a commodity than in any incidental felicities achieved by Titian within the four sides of the frame. And worst of all, there isn't the simple luxury of hating U.S. imperialism and J. Paul Getty; the most ardent customers for pictures acquired by the British in the late 18th century, at the birth of empire, are no longer Americans, but the Japanese. Not Getty but Akio Morita of Sony; not the Mellons, but Toyota's Shotaro Kamiya.

* * *

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO ASSUME that the querulousness of the British bourgeoisie is born entirely of nostalgia for a world that is gone. Of course there are always those people who wish the pound was worth what it was in 1914, and that an English viceroy still rode on an elephant's back down the main street of New Delhi. Britain still is an imperialist power, as the occupants of Malaysia, or of the Gulf States, or of Hong Kong will concede. But increasingly Britain has become victim of a structure that was once its strength. Its international financial interests, its maintenance of sterling as a reserve currency reposed on international confidence (of bankers and investors) and its domestic economic strength. Yet domestic strength, in the form of promoted growth, with political buttering in the form of welfare and social benefits, at once raises the spectre of inflation, causes severe pressure from the central banks, a throttling back of growth, cuts in social benefits—in the interests of a sound balance of payments and the virility of sterling.

Every British government since the war has capitulated before these pressures. And lately the crisis has become much more severe. A couple of statistics give some of the evidence. From 1950 to 1954 the share of profits in the national income was 25.2 percent. In 1969, it was 14.2. From 1950–54 the rate of profit on capital employed was (post-tax) 8.1. In 1969 it had sunk to 3.2 percent.

This sorry state of affairs has not passed unnoticed by the British property-owning class. There are numerous reasons for the catastrophic drop in profits: stagnant growth, high interest rates, flight of capital to more profitable investment overseas. Yet one reason alone has been selected and inflated to gargantuan proportions: the industrial aggressiveness of the working class. From 1964 to 1969 the share in the national income taken by the working class increased dramatically. So also did the incidence of working days lost through strikes. It is true that many of these gains have been swallowed up by enormous price inflation, but the fact remains that the British ruling class believes itself to be afflicted with an organized working class of menacing militancy.

It is somewhat beside the point to adduce comparative international statistics of industrial militancy. (It is actually the case that in days lost per 1000 persons in Mining, Manufacturing, Construction and Transport in 1969, for instance, Italy led with 4110, the U.S. followed with 1390, and Britain came third with 510. Averaged over a decade ('60–'69) Britain came ninth, equal with Finland, with 250 days lost. It is beside the point because neither British capitalists nor British workers were overly influenced by the international league tables. What happened from 1964 to 1971 was an alteration in the political complexion and status of the Labor movement.

The accession to power in 1964 of the first Labor government for 13 years kindled hopes in two very different social groups. It was the optimistic hope of the amorphous entity known as the Labor movement that the Wilson regime would inaugurate some elements of socialist change, however minimal; the backbone of this movement—the trade

"Philip, what's a 9 per cent increase on £475,000, in Eurodollars?

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unions who actually pay for the Labor party—hoped at the least that the Parliamentary Party would be a tacit ally in its economic struggles with management. Conversely it was the hope of certain sections of the City bourgeoisie that Wilson would implement his electioneering rhetoric and "in the white heat of the technological revolution" reforge Britain's economic cast, promoting growth, throwing out the old structures and ringing in the new.

Both parties were disappointed. Wilson had hardly laid aside his tailcoat and top hat after an inaugural trot to Buckingham Palace before he had responded to a severe run on the pound by all the traditional deflationary measures, curtailing social benefits, and finally succumbing to financial orthodoxy. The rise in working-class militancy, allied with somewhat more energetic trade-union leadership, was a double response.

THE LABOR PARTY HAS ALWAYS BEEN an alliance of the unions and an autonomous middle-class outfit calling itself the Parliamentary Labor Party. By 1968 the fissure in interest became definitive. Impelled by the frantic urgings of the middle class and the graver pleas of the international bankers, the Wilson administration opened a campaign to reduce by legislation the militant potential of the unions. The actual legislative bundle is by now a familiar feature of many advanced capitalist countries: no unofficial strikes, no sympathy strikes, a compulsory "cooling off period," and so forth. The miscalculation was not in its appeal to the middle class, but in the strength of the opposition it aroused in the working masses. By autumn of 1969 Wilson had lost—enough of his own party in Parliament had come to believe that tranquil pursuit of political self-interest demanded that, for once, they "heed the call of the great Labor movement" and turn tail with decent speed.

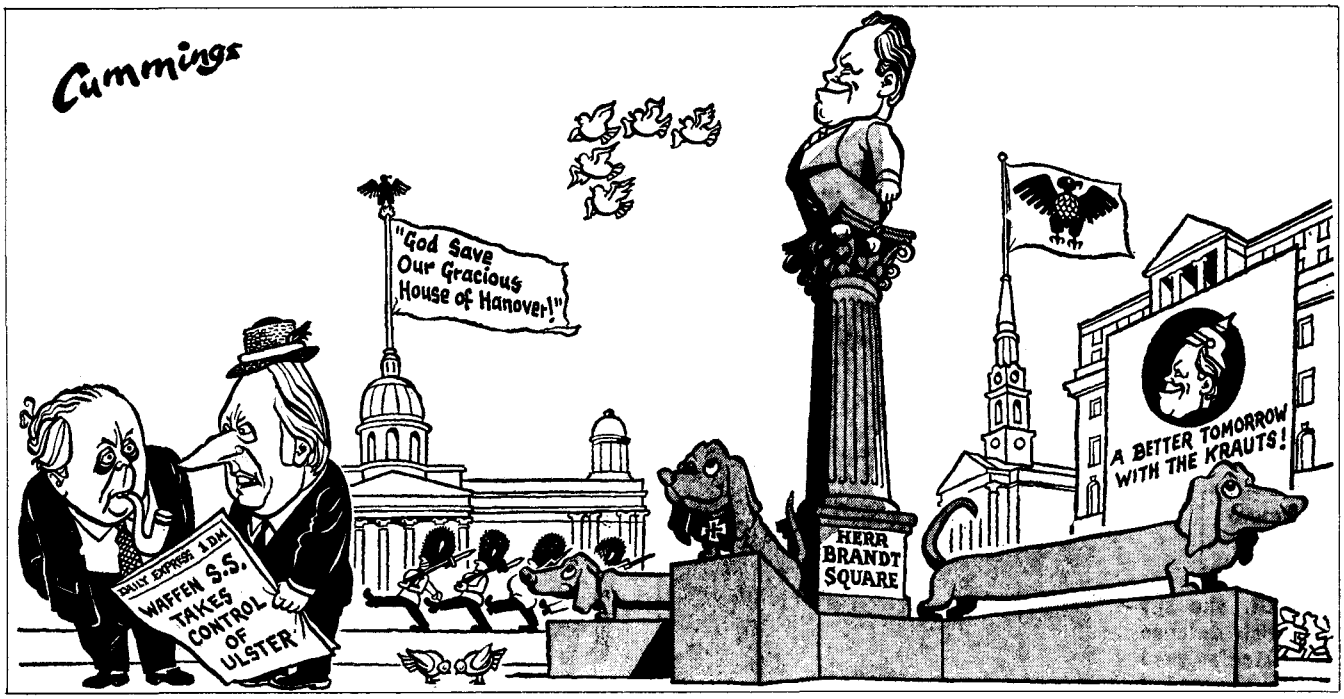
Their period of repose was rudely and conclusively disturbed in the summer of last year. Against a backdrop of consistent militancy, of falling profits, but a sound balance of payments; through the agency of working-class abstentions, the middle class turned to greet Tory Edward Heath, a new saviour at the head of an old party.

With great speed the Heath administration re-introduced anti-working-class legislation, in the shape of the Industrial Relations Bill. Viewed in perspective it may seem that the fight that has been conducted against this legislation has not been impressive. There was no General Strike—not even a call for one by the Unions. There were two one-day strikes by up to 500,000 workers around the start of the year. Yet it is an indication of the comparative stability of advanced industrial capitalism in Britain that this phase of struggle, from late autumn to the spring of this year, seemed of unparalleled energy. But still, so far as the I.R.B. is concerned, the struggle seems to have failed. The Conservative Party, with the tacit support of most of the Labor Party as well, has fulfilled its promise to try to curtail industrial militancy. But even if no counter-measures from the workers are forthcoming, this bill will scarcely cure the ailment of British capitalism, although an apocalyptic occurrence, which supposedly will, has been laid before the British people—entry into the Common Market.

* * *

THERE IS NOTHING MORE COMICALLY disgusting than the sight and sound of a nation self-consciously pronouncing itself to be on the brink of a great decision. The only rule is to remember that, the more sordid the actual venture proposed, the more banal and wretched the rhetoric enveloping it. Current British speechmaking on the topic of the Common Market uniquely combines the worst elements in the public styles of Kennedy and Churchill: "We point to the future, not to the past. We seek cooperation in prosperity, that we may find prosperity in cooperation," etc., etc.

The Common Market, it should not be forgotten, is ex-


Cummings
"God Save Our Gracious House of Hanover!"
DAILY EXPRESS LDN
WAFFEN S.S. TAKES CONTROL OF ULSTER
HERR BRANDT SQUARE
A BETTER TOMORROW WITH THE KRAUTS!

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actly what it says. After the resurrection of the West European economies after the war, through the Marshall Plan, it became plain that the major productive forces were in danger of being strangled if confined behind national frontiers. The practice of economies of scale, the enormous costs of research and development in such areas as nuclear physics and computer technology, the accession to sufficient markets could only be achieved if in some manner the tariff walls and national economic policies separating West European countries could be superceded. Furthermore, increasing dominance of U.S. firms within the Common Market (composed, to date, of France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg) could only be contested by the cooperation of capital on an international, not a national, scale. (In this context it should be noted that in 1965, 80 percent of Common Market computer production, 24 percent of the motor industry, 15 percent of the synthetic rubber industry and 10 percent of the production of petro-chemicals was under the management of American subsidiaries.)

In no sense has the development of the Common Market since its inception in the early '50s meant the obsolescence of the nation-state. So far the "Community" has been a careful and occasionally explosive balance of competing national interests—the desire of West Germany for peaceful commercial expansion; the aim of the French to interdict U.S. dominance from their situation of elabo ate state planning and relatively weak capitalist institutions.

It was of course De Gaulle's suspicion of British complicity with U.S. interests that led him to veto Britain's entry at the end of the '50s. Indeed it is certainly true that a powerful section of the British dominant class believed until the mid-'50s that the "special relationship" with the U.S. more than outweighed the advantages of entry. Since then, however, it has been the express policy of every British administration to join.

From the point of view of large-scale enterprises Britain *has* to join. Its traditional markets, under the Commonwealth preference system, have been rapidly eroded. Between 1958 and 1965, while British exports to the Commonwealth were increasing by 30 percent, those to the Common Market grew by 113 percent. The sterling area is no longer the sure resort for British exports it once was. In 1953 the sterling area received 47 percent of Britain's trade; in 1966, 31.4 percent. In 1966 no less than 47.8 percent of Britain's trade went to Western Europe including the Common Market countries. More and more, Britain's aviation industry, motor industry, electrical, textile and rubber concerns only make sense in a European context.

No less unpleasant than the dreadful sentimentality of phrase used by those in favor of joining has been the chauvinism of that element of the British bourgeoisie opposed to the venture. Their vocabulary is entirely of the past, and devoted to the most frenzied nationalism. "Do we wish to go in with Krauts, Frogs and Wops?" "Will the Queen be 'phased out'?" Simultaneously a grave responsibility to the Third World—systematically exploited by Britain for 200 years—is discovered: "Britain has a role beyond the narrow confines of Europe," etc.

BUT THE TRUE COST OF ENTRY will be borne not by the middle class, but—in higher prices, and reduced room for organized union maneuver—by the working class. Common Market protection of the interests of French dairy farmers will mean that on entry Britain will have to accept the higher food prices prevalent inside the Market. Food prices will rise by at least 15 percent over the next six years. Furthermore, the share of wages relative to profits may fall, as investment is diverted to more lucrative enterprises on the continent.

Thus, the main use of the British working class for the Common Market countries will be in terms of cheap labor, of which there is a chronic shortage now. In every country in the Six, shanty towns house underpaid, non-union labor from Algeria, Greece, Yugoslavia, Spain, Portugal, southern Italy. Beneath the labor aristocracy in each country they are victims of this industrial free-fire zone. Britain at the moment has 800,000 unemployed—the highest number out of work since 1940. Already Scottish ship-workers are being exploited in Hamburg, in Bremen; dislodged from a setting in which, over 100 years, some bargaining power has been laboriously acquired, they are back in the role of poor, non-organized laborers in the 19th century.

Beneath the rhetoric, the Common Market is precisely this: an institution created by capitalists for their own benefit. The great, current debate in Britain is therefore an entirely false one so far as organized labor is concerned. It must be said at the same time, though, that the at least nominal adherence of working masses to the mildewed emblem of social democracy extant in Britain has left little room for counter-action in the advocacy of a socialist alternative.

It is almost certain that Britain will join. From there the "Community" will be faced with two options: to liberalize the Market and allow total *laisser-passer* to U.S. capital, or to strengthen its supra-national planning and executive institutions, on the path to a supra-national state. British politicians are alleging that domestic capital will play a glorious and dominant role in the Super-Market of the future, with Edward Heath fondly pointing out that the market available to eager entrepreneurs of the expanded community will be greater than the market of either the Soviet Union or the United States. Inaudible, amid these great dreams, was the production of any analysis of why the Common Market should want to admit Britain at all, eight years after Heath (as Macmillan's chief negotiator) was kicked bodily out of Brussels by De Gaulle.

The Common Market is prepared to accept Britain now because it is itself racked by recession, overproduction, industrial militancy and Europa-chauvinist paranoia about Japanese competition. Britain, with its problems only intensified, will be quite at home in this atmosphere. The British working class will be super-exploited in the Super-Market. And as for the British bourgeoisie, the crisis afflicting them will not be solved but merely deflected; their querulousness will not be extinguished but only stilled for a season.

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Sickle Cell Anemia: An "Interesting Pathology"

INVARIABLY THE PATIENT IS BLACK, invariably young, perhaps your own age, in fact, a thought which may disturb you when they bring her out on stage for you to see, for you to question. She (or he) has been wheeled from her hospital bed for your convenience, your medical education. It is a lecture in biochemistry, most likely, and you have been reading about blood and about hemoglobin, the molecule red blood cells contain; the protein with a backbone of iron, the carrier of whatever pure oxygen can be sucked from polluted air. By now you know hemoglobin well, you have memorized it: its four poly-peptide chains, two alpha, two beta (the "globin" part of the molecule); its four iron-containing "heme" groups; its fetal and adult forms; its electrophoretic patterns; its abnormal varieties: hemoglobin C and M and E and—this is the powerful one, the terrible one—hemoglobin S. One of its black victims is in front of you now, probably frightened, sitting before strange, mostly white, mostly male, faces. She is in a wheelchair, looking up for a moment, meeting your curious stares, then looking down at the floor.

"Tell these young doctors something about yourself, Miss Williams," the instructor says, smiling. "Tell them why you are in the hospital."

This is an exercise in "clinical correlation," an attempt on the part of the medical school to demonstrate that the "basic science" courses of your first year or two are not irrelevant or as sterile as they seem. This is what the catalogue calls "contact" with patients, "early exposure" to "clinical material." You have been looking forward to it, bored by years of organic chemistry and physics, lectures and diagrams. You are nervous, perhaps, like Miss Williams, but you are proud of your knowledge, and confident, like a doctor. You observe her closely: her arms and legs are long and skinny and gangling; her abdomen is short but full and protruding; her legs are heavily bandaged; her eyes are yellow; intravenous fluids run into her arm; she is dressed in a limp hospital nightgown; she is weak and difficult to hear.

"I have sickle cell disease," she says quietly. "Sickle cell anemia." Then she tells you her story, which typically goes something like this:

She is twenty-four years old and has been in the hospital eighteen times. She would get tired easily ever since she was a child; she did not develop as rapidly or as well as the other children; she would often get colds and more severe respiratory infections. At age seven her tonsils were removed. At age eight she was hospitalized for a month with severe joint pain, fever, and heart murmurs, diagnosed incorrectly as rheumatic fever. At twelve she developed ulcers on both ankles which would not heal, even now, twelve years later. She then began having periodic attacks of severe, incapacitating pain in her bones and joints, her back and her abdomen. These "crises" would last about a week, leaving her exhausted, weaker than ever, and sore all over.

When she was fourteen her appendix was removed. At sixteen her spleen was removed. In the last eight years she has had six more hospital admissions for the treatment of her recurrent leg ulcers which have eaten down to the layer of muscle and bone. Two admissions for pneumonia, two for long episodes of fever, chills, night-sweats and diarrhea. Now, she tells you, she is urinating blood, and her belly is swelling like a balloon and her heart, her doctors have told her, is too big and is getting tired. She can not sleep lying down, but only on three pillows, and she wakes up at night gasping for breath. Her eyes have been yellow for six years and her liver, she knows, is not working right. In her life she has received (if she remembers right) eighty-six transfusions of whole blood.

"Thank you, Miss Williams," the instructor says, and you awkwardly mumble thanks too, as she is wheeled back to the hospital.

In the brief discussion that follows, you learn that there is no cure for sickle cell anemia, nothing, in fact, that substantially helps a patient endure a crisis. You learn that very few patients with the disease—which strikes one Black in five hundred—manage to survive to the age of thirty. You guess, as you leave the lecture room with friends for lunch, that Miss Williams, with the soft voice and the memories of pain and the present of pain, will be dead before you practice medicine. But in fact, she is dead much sooner than that.

[II]

THESE DAYS SICKLE CELL ANEMIA has a certain *chic* in academic medical circles. The disease has always been considered "interesting pathology," but never, until very recently, has it been considered very *important*. The distinction is real and its consequences disturbing.

Sickle cell anemia is one of the very few fatal diseases which is known (that is, thought) to be caused by a demonstrable inherited abnormality—an identifiable, highly specific, biochemical aberration in the molecular structure of hemoglobin. As a consequence, it has for two decades

by Michael G. Michaelson

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been waved by medical scientists before the noses of their occasional critics: evidence that modern medical science is figuring things out, making progress. But if the disease has provided some comfort for chemists and first-year medical students, it has been relentless with its victims, the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who, as they suffer and die, give their bodies as subjects for the scientists and exhibits for the students. Although the disease is found in one of five hundred black babies, and although these children survive only an average of twenty years, and although very much more is understood of the genetics, chemistry and epidemiology of sickle cell than of other serious diseases of childhood, physicians and researchers within the white establishment have virtually ignored it. Their own children are safe.

Right now in the United States some fifty thousand Blacks are dying of SCA; nearly two million have "sickle cell trait," a milder form of the disease which usually (but not always) leaves them symptom-free but which enables them to pass the trait or the disease on to their children. "In 1967," according to an article published last year in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, "there were an estimated 1155 new cases of SCA, 1206 of cystic fibrosis, 813 of muscular dystrophy, and 350 of phenylketonuria. Yet volunteer organizations raised $1.9 million for cystic fibrosis, $7.9 million for muscular dystrophy, but less than $100,000 for SCA." In fact, the figure for sickle cell anemia was closer to $50,000.

There was no nation-wide organization devoted to sickle cell anemia until last year; no celebrity has ever done a sickle cell telethon or chaired a committee. The Research Grants Index of the National Institutes for Health for fiscal year 1968 indicated that grants for much less common childhood illnesses greatly exceeded those for SCA. In one year research into cystic fibrosis, for example, received 65 NIH grants, although this disorder is found in only one of three thousand births (98 percent of cystic fibrosis victims, it is worth noting, are white). The same year there were 41 grants for phenylketonuria affecting one in ten thousand (again, all of them Whites), a disease which can be detected and controlled by diet, and which is not fatal. Yet there were fewer than two dozen grants for research into sickle cell anemia. A review of the facts, even the editors of the conservative AMA *Journal* were forced to conclude, "clearly focuses a spotlight on public failure to recognize the importance of combating sickle cell anemia. . . ."

The *Journal* had found it "incredible . . . that very few people in the black population at large have been offered pertinent information about sickle cell anemia and the mode of its transmission." But the Black Panthers, for instance, do not find it incredible; they find it, on the contrary, to be expected and have launched a major drive through their People's Free Clinics to provide the black community with information about the disease along with free diagnostic blood tests. Black Panther leaflets distributed in Philadelphia and other cities, in an attempt to provide "pertinent information" about SCA and the times and places for blood tests, are headlined in large block letters above pictures of normal and sickled red cells: BLACK GENOCIDE.

Perhaps because of the notoriety, doctors are finally beginning to take an interest; the research on SCA is picking up and money is starting to flow. In his "health message" of a few months ago Richard Nixon announced that he would request six million dollars in congressional funds to "combat" sickle cell anemia. A deputy director of the National Heart and Lung Institute was named, May 12, as coordinator of a new federal sickle cell disease program. Physicians are suddenly competing with one another in attempts to invent and patent new and better and cheaper screening tests and effective therapeutic procedures. School systems, the United States Army, pharmaceutical houses and medical technology companies are entering the field.

But Dr. Roland B. Scott, a black physician working on sickle cell research for twenty years, a generation before it became fashionable, has never received a federal penny for his efforts. Now chairman of the department of pediatrics and director of the Sickle Cell Center at Howard University, he has offered this evaluation of the current boom: "All is chaos now, with a lot of researchers running around flag-waving, headline-grabbing, trying to qualify for the therapy and screening jackpot, with the government looking for quick results for high visibility in 1972. But it'll fade away, and we Blacks will be left with the problem."

Almost certainly he is correct. The current enthusiasm for sickle cell anemia may in the end reveal less about this killing disease than about contemporary American medical politics. It may be part of the larger effort to "save" not black children but an obsolete and elitist system of medical care which has oppressed patients of all races and classes (though especially women, third world people, and the poor, of course) for a century and which is now, at last, on the verge of collapse. And if past experience is an index, the current fad can be expected, as Dr. Scott suggests, to come and go, leaving the black people of this country in their usual condition of ill-health and powerlessness, while providing their (largely white) professional and corporate "benefactors" with new avenues for advancement and prestige, profits and power.

[III]

ANY ISSUE, HOWEVER ISOLATED, which even for a moment appears to bring Richard Nixon and the Black Panther Party to the same side of an argument surely merits careful analysis. In the case of sickle cell anemia, the discussion seems to require at least a brief review of the disease state itself, its biochemistry, genetics, and medical "history." And this must be placed in the context of the now much-publicized "crisis" in medical care, the rise in the last ten years of a liberal medical elite and, more recently, the emergence of a broadly based insurgent radical health movement.

The distinguishing characteristics of sickle cell anemia were first described in the medical literature in 1910 by James B. Herrick, a prominent midwestern cardiologist. He wrote of a twenty year old West Indian student whose symptoms involved "a secondary anemia . . . strikingly atypical in the large number of nucleated red cells of the normoblastic [immature] type and in the tendency of the erythrocytes [red blood cells] to assume a slender, sickle-like shape." Herrick was perplexed by this "most bizarre

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group of symptoms," and he could offer no definitive diagnosis, although he suspected syphilis.

The cases accumulated. Dr. Emmel (1917) was the first to use the term "sickle cells" repeatedly; Mason (1922) the first to refer to "sickle cell anemia"; Graham and McCarthy (1926) the first to point out that this anomaly of red cells afflicted only Blacks. In 1927 and 1930 further studies suggested that the sickling of red cells occurs when the hemoglobin they contain passes from the oxygen-saturated state to the unsaturated (reduced) state. The abnormal hemoglobin would apparently alter the shape of these red cells, distorting their normal disc-like, biconcave "doughnut" configuration and producing, somehow, the characteristic physical symptoms. The disease was labelled a "hemoglobinopathy" and passed on, in effect, to the biochemists.

In 1949 Linus Pauling reported that normal hemoglobin (A) and hemoglobin derived from sickle cell patients (S) demonstrated different patterns of "electrophoretic mobility," molecular movement in an electrical field. Ingram (1961) perfected the electrophoretic technique and was able to show that hemoglobin S differs from A only in the replacement of a single amino acid (glutamate) in the alpha chain of the normal molecule by another (valine) in the abnormal molecule. It is this single amino acid in hemoglobin's total 287 which is wrong; this one which exacts so high a price.

THE ORIGINAL DIFFICULTY, HOWEVER, is genetic: every child receives from his parents two genes which determine the kind of hemoglobin the child's body will synthesize. Only hemoglobin S will sickle when deprived of oxygen, and only the black population (less than two percent of SCA's victims are non-black, usually of Mediterranean origin) carries this particular abnormal gene in its "genetic pool." If both parental genes are for hemoglobin S (the homozygous state, SS) the child will suffer from the disease. If only one gene is abnormal (heterozygous, AS), the child will have the trait and will be able to transmit the S hemoglobin to his own children, although he will not, most likely, be fatally ill himself.

Under certain circumstances these heterozygotes were well off. It has been suggested, and is generally agreed, that sickle cell trait confers upon its bearers a protection against malignant forms of malaria. On the African continent, particularly where malaria is endemic, the AS hemoglobin type represented a protective evolutionary adaptation: When heterozygotes married, they would, according to Mendelian genetics, bear children one quarter of whom would inherit two "normal" genes for hemoglobin (AA), and most of these would die of malaria; another quarter would be homozygous for sickle cell (SS) and would die of that disease; one half, statistically, would be heterozygous (AS), without the disease, but bearing the trait, and therefore protected against malaria. The neat evolutionary scheme, however, made no provisions for slave ships.

In the United States resistance against malaria is not a significant advantage, since malaria is not a significant threat. But evidence is beginning to mount that sickle cell trait, which affects nearly two million Blacks in this country, is less harmless than was formerly believed. Last year the AMA *Journal* and *Lancet*, a British medical journal, published reports of bleeding episodes and sudden death in patients undergoing "routine" surgery, due apparently to respiratory depression during surgical anesthesia. The *Journal* of the National Medical Association published a similar report more recently. An editorial in *The New England Journal of Medicine* on May 14, 1970 noted that although the trait has "generally been regarded as a benign condition," there have been "occasional reports of splenic, pulmonary, pituitary or cerebral infarction, as well as priapism, hematuria, hyposthenuria, avascular necrosis of bone and retinal hemorrhage," indicating "that in certain unfavorable circumstances these patients may experience the

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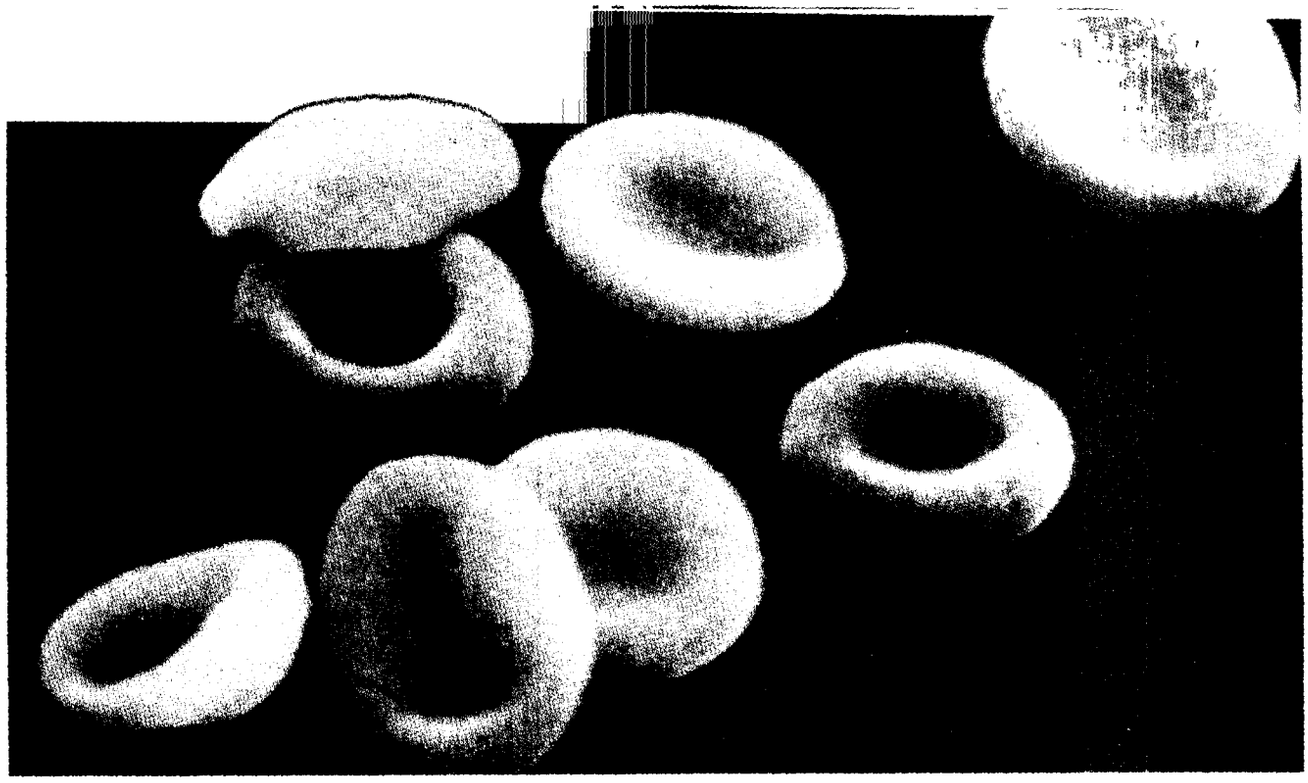

severe vaso-occlusive episodes characteristic of homozygous sickle cell anemia." The "unfavorable circumstances" included surgical anesthesia, airplane flights, athletic and military training and severe infections—all conditions involving increased bodily demands for oxygen, decreased environmental oxygen tension, or both. Most dramatic were these four case reports of black recruits "undergoing Army basic training at a post at an altitude of 4060 feet. All were apparently healthy and had no family history of anemia. . . ."

CASE 1: "W. J., a 21-year-old man, collapsed and lost consciousness after a 40-yard low crawl and a 300-meter run during his 1st day of training. After admission to the hospital he regained consciousness and complained of shortness of breath and faintness. On examination he was acutely ill. . . . One hour later he became hypotensive and combative and lost consciousness. Despite vigorous treatment for hyperkalemia [an electrolyte imbalance] and hypotension, he remained comatose. Nasal hemorrhage increased. He died 24 hours after the initial collapse. At autopsy, the lungs were heavy, and serosanguineous [thick bloody] fluid flowed from the cut surfaces. The bowel was filled with dark bloody fluid. The vessels in all microscopical sections were packed with sickled red blood cells. . . . Hemoglobin electrophoresis revealed SA hemoglobin."

CASE 2. "M. T., a 19-year-old soldier, collapsed while running a mile during his 21st day of training. Upon arrival at the medical clinic no pulse or spontaneous respirations were present. Resuscitation was successful. . . . Complete unresponsiveness was the only positive physical finding. . . . Bright red blood was oozing from the gastric aspirate; blood oozed from venous puncture sites, and a lower-gastrointestinal-tract hemorrhage developed. . . . There was no urine output. Bleeding continued; hypotension [low blood pressure] followed, and despite volume and fluid replacement, the patient died 25 hours after he collapsed. . . . Hemoglobin SA was found on electrophoresis."

CASE 3. "V. H., a 21-year-old man, complained of faintness after a 20-yard crawl during his 1st day of training and suddenly lost consciousness. He was dead on arrival at the medical clinic. . . . Histologic sections of all organs displayed massive congestion of the vasculature, with sickling of virtually all red blood cells. Hemoglobin electrophoresis of post-mortem blood revealed SA hemoglobin."

CASE 4. "L. T., a 21-year-old recruit, complained of faintness and numbness of the legs and lost consciousness while running once around his barracks after arriving for training. On admission he had regained consciousness and complained of pain and weakness in the legs. He was in no acute distress. . . . General physical and neurological examinations were unremarkable but he suddenly became apneic [ceased breathing]. . . . He died 8 hours after collapsing. . . . A sickle cell preparation at autopsy was positive."

The Army was unimpressed by the reports. Although a number of physicians suggested that Blacks with sickle cell trait be draft-exempt, the military still does not require even diagnostic screening tests of new recruits. A Fort Dix pathologist wrote the *New England Journal* to complain that evidence supporting a relationship between sickle cell trait and the sudden death of Army recruits was "insufficient," and a Defense Department spokesman has insisted that "personnel found to have the trait are still considered qualified for general duty." While Army spokesmen suggest that coincidence or drug abuse might have been implicated in the reported deaths, the Black Panther Party Newspaper

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suggests that "the racist U.S. power structure has no intention of ceasing this form of genocide." On May 22, 1971 the paper announced that "Therefore the Black Panther Party is initiating a program to help research really begin that can eventually discover the cure and prevention of Sickle Cell Anemia."

[IV]

THE MOTIVATON AND THE AIM of the Panther program seem unimpeachable. For years sickle cell patients have been paraded before beginning medical students as evidence that biochemistry is relevant, that genetics can be fun. Yet for all this "understanding," no treatment or effective palliation exists for the disease, and no real effort has been made to increase public awareness of its nature: if recent samples are representative, less than one-third of the black population of this country has ever heard of it. Finally, one black person in ten carries a gene for hemoglobin S, unaware of that fact and of its possible consequences.

But in the light of what is known of sickle cell anemia and, more important, of what is not known, serious questions arise. Granted the obvious truth that black people, like all people, have a right to all information which relates to their health and well-being, how is such information likely to be used? Blacks with sickle cell trait should of course know that if they bear children with another heterozygote there is a 25 percent chance that those children will suffer from sickle cell disease and die. But what are the limits of "genetic counseling?" Where does advice and information end and compulsion begin? Perhaps Blacks with the trait should be exempted from military service. But should they be excluded from professional sports? From riding airplanes? Will their insurance rates be raised, as, for example, the premiums of people with even mild diabetes are raised? (Here it should be emphasized that sudden death in sickle cell trait remains an exceedingly rare phenomenon; heterozygotes have a normal life expectancy and are not invalids.) As a health worker at the Mark Clark People's Free Health Center in Philadelphia I have participated in the Panther screening program, and I hope to continue to do so. But there have been painful moments when I have wondered if, in telling someone in otherwise perfect health that he or she had "sickle cell trait," we were not forcing that person to pay a price in anxiety and confusion disproportionate to what she had gained: Would she get sick? Probably not. Could we help her? No. What should she do? Nothing; except avoid marrying someone else with the trait; or have no children; or adopt children; or have children at her own risk; that is, at theirs.

More troubling, I think, is the Party's statement that its program will "help research really begin that can eventually discover the cure and prevention" of SCA. Such a goal is unquestionably admirable. But the level of hope and expectation it reflects, as is the case with most claims made of and by "modern medical science" (whether for wonder drugs or organ transplantation), seems to be dangerously inflated. Although, on the one hand, a cure for sickle cell anemia might appear to be close because its specific "cause" has been identified, that same fact reasonably may, on the other hand, give rise to a sobering skepticism. Precisely because so much is known about the disease and has been known for some time, the lack of therapeutic progress thus far is especially discouraging.

According to the elegant, even seductive, theory of sickle cell pathophysiology, the various but typical symptoms of the disease are related to the unique property of hemoglobin S: under conditions of low oxygen concentration the molecule forms crystals called "tactoids" which stretch the cells to their abnormal elongated shape, predisposing to circulatory obstruction in small vessels where blood cells pass one at a time. This sickling phenomenon occurs more easily with higher percentages of S hemoglobin (i.e., SS rather than AS), in acidic solutions, and under conditions of stasis (slow or stopped blood flow). Thus tissues which normally contain relatively acidic blood which is relatively low in oxygen (e.g., kidneys, lungs) are particularly susceptible to this vicious circle: sickled blood cells become trapped in small capillaries, leading to stasis, deoxygenation, increased acidity, and increased sickling; the sequence is repeated until blood clots, disrupted (occluded) circulation, pain, swelling, hemorrhage, and tissue death occur.

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What initiates such a crisis remains (significantly) unknown; infection, stress, high altitudes have been implicated. But since sickling is a reversible phenomenon, at least in test tubes, it has seemed reasonable to believe that a crisis could be relieved by the administration of high-concentration oxygen, anti-coagulants (to break up clots), whole blood transfusions, antacids, and so on. These have all been repeatedly tried; and they have all miserably, and significantly, failed. Recent trials with urea (a chemical which returns sickled cells to normal shape in test tubes) have seriously endangered some patients and have been implicated in the death of at least one child.

EVEN IF SICKLING COULD BE REVERSED in a patient's circulation, it is impossible to predict whether or not the disease would thereby be "cured." Juvenile-onset diabetes, for example, is another disease characterized by a specific chemical difficulty, an inability of the body to secrete insulin. Until this was discovered and insulin made available on a mass scale, its victims died in childhood. Now they live longer but eventually succumb to degenerative changes of the nervous and circulatory systems which fatally persist despite insulin therapy. The biochemistry has been "corrected," but the disease state progresses, apparently unimpressed. Even if sickled cells could be "unsickled," then, victims of SCA might still be in trouble.

Finally there seems to be the assumption underlying the Panther program that if more money and more data and research subjects were provided, a cure would somehow follow. Contradicting this are not only the rather depressing results in the case of SCA, outlined above, but the fact that those childhood diseases which *have* received money more extensively—cystic fibrosis, muscular dystrophy, and many others—are as mysterious as ever, as incurable. Then heart disease, stroke, and cancer—well-known scourges of the white middle and upper classes, which have been funded astronomically relative to SCA—might be mentioned as examples of more spectacular failures.

This is not to argue that research into sickle cell anemia should not be energetically pursued, or that education and screening programs should not be carried out. As an organizing and fund-raising tool, the People's Fight Against Sickle Cell Anemia is of unquestionable value; and the history of the white medical establishment's neglect of SCA could hardly be more educational. But the new emphasis on sickle cell screening should not be allowed to deflect energies from other screening programs for lead poisoning and anemia (both of which more commonly afflict black people than SCA and which can most often be successfully treated) and from efforts to provide free, dignified "primary" medical care, Pap tests, pre-natal care, and so on.

The liberal medical establishment's new enthusiasm for this "interesting pathology" of Blacks should not be allowed to obscure the fact that it has done so little, and is still doing little to prevent the malnutrition which causes anemia, the peeling lead paint which poisons babies, the rats and the roaches. And when money for SCA begins to appear—if in fact it ever does (reportedly Nixon has earmarked the federal research funds for white friends in the South, part of the Southern strategy for 1971)—it should be regarded with a certain caution. Because as Nixon and the doctors enter the sickle cell sweepstakes, armed with programs and patents and promises, a new set of dangers presents itself: that black people will continue to be used, as they have traditionally been, as "research and teaching material" by white doctors; that whatever research does take place will be designed by and for physicians and will have as its primary aim professional advancement in academic medical circles rather than increasing the likelihood (however slim) of direct therapeutic benefit to the masses of black people; that "genetic counseling" from outside the black community might evolve into social control or economic sanction.

[v]

THE MOST FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES of the sickle cell controversy seem to me not "medical" in the strictest sense, but social and political. It is no accident that the current explosion of interest in sickle cell anemia is taking place in the midst of the most significant turbulence in the history of American medicine.

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Today the failure of this country's "health care system" is a widely acknowledged, abundantly documented, and massively publicized fact. The American Medical Association, remarkable even in this country for its history of self-interest and exploitation, is beginning at last to disintegrate. Public dissatisfaction with doctors and hospitals is rising, especially (and encouragingly) among the middle classes.

As the crisis intensifies, medical image-makers have begun to sense that the status and economic privileges of physicians in this country can be saved only by rapid legerdemain. Galled by the AMA's failure to take a more "liberal" stance on matters of medical politics—group practice, health care for the poor, national health insurance—medical school based physicians have begun to take the initiative. Always somewhat alienated from community practitioners, whom they consider rather dull and unscientific, these academic medical men, armed with liberal rhetoric, corporation consultants, cost-benefit economics and computers, are maneuvering for control of medical practice.

The pattern is not without precedent. What is happening today in American medicine happened in almost every other sphere in the 1930s: promises of a "new deal" are being made in an elegant attempt to dissipate energies for genuinely radical alternatives. Medicine's lag of forty years, however, has not been detrimental for the movement, but providential. For in that time period the deficiencies of corporate liberalism—centralized bureaucracy wholly unaccountable to the public, a distorted sense of priority which places profits and power before service to people, institutionalized depersonalization bordering on mass schizophrenia—have become evident enough. And as AMA conservatives and the urban academic medical elite fight it out, the discontent swells.

It is a perfect moment for the radical health movement—a coalition of consumers, community people, health workers and "professionals" dedicated to providing free medical care to all people in their local communities, ending economic and status distinctions among health workers, taking profits, racism and sexism out of health care, calling for community control of all health institutions (including the new liberal medical empires). On June 15 the Medical Committee for Human Rights launched a National Health Crusade which has been gathering a remarkable momentum; it is based upon these principles:

1. End profit-making in health care. Health care is a service, not a business.
2. Pay for all services with a progressive tax on total wealth. One without loopholes that makes corporations and the rich pay their share.
3. Provide complete and preventive care with no charges for health services.
4. Administer medical centers locally through representatives of patients and health workers.
5. Create a federal non-profit corporation to produce and distribute drugs and medical supplies.

People's Free Medical Centers, similar to those of the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, and Young Patriots and other community groups (there are now an estimated 200 functioning or in preparation throughout the country) are an integral part of this health movement's efforts to revolutionize "medical care" not merely in the narrow sense but as part of a larger effort at restructuring and making "healthy" a social order which is conspicuously unwell. These health centers are "counter-cultural" in the best sense, providing radical alternatives to existing medical (and social) institutions and ideologies. They constitute an active focus for community organizing, education, cooperative work, the formation of new kinds of relationships, communication, sharing, play, love. Someday they may include day care centers, recreational facilities, places for old people to live and work and be and feel useful. They are, I believe, precious revolutionary resources.

The liberal medical elite, for its part, will fight to subvert this program and prevent community-worker control of its own institutions; it will try to head off any counter-institutional development which threatens to disrupt the white-male-professional dominated hierarchy of medical care in this country. And it is in this context that the sudden discovery by the medical establishment and Richard Nixon of sickle cell anemia becomes rather more clear. Their recent infatuation with SCA is an attempt to prove that American doctors *are* responsive to the needs of the black community; it is an attempt to deflate pressures for radical change, and perhaps the beginning of an attempt to gain control of People's Medical Centers; it is, as Dr. Scott has suggested, although not in so many words, a rip-off.

I am not suggesting that government and/or medical empire money and equipment (if and when it becomes available for SCA) should not be accepted. It should be accepted, with a knowing smile, with both hands out for more, indeed with militant demands for more. For the current liberal enthusiasm about sickle cell anemia leaves deliberately unexamined the real roots of the black community's chronic ill health. It does not get at poverty or vastly inadequate nutrition, at racism or peeling lead paint, capitalism or rats, at the absence of easy access to free, dignified medical care, at professionalism or sexism, at what a doctor "is," indeed at what a human being is, and can be, and must be. The health movement *is* beginning to get at those things, and shall continue to as it grows and struggles to serve the people, as the workers at the Mark Clark Center say, body and soul.

Michael G. Michaelson, a member of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, is a medical student and a graduate student in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania. He has contributed to The Nation, The New York Review of Books, The American Scholar *and other journals, and is presently at work on a book,* Healing: Notes on Medicine and Revolution. *Requests for information and literature about MCHR, and contributions, should be sent to The Medical Committee for Human Rights, 710 South Marshfield, Chicago, Illinois 60612. Contributions to the People's Sickle Cell Anemia Fund should be addressed c/o The Bobby Seale People's Free Health Clinic, 3236 Adeline Street, Berkeley, California.*

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(Continued from Page 29)
of our period: this materialization of China as an Asian yet Occidental superstate. Now that policy-class Americans have begun to grasp the logical necessity of this (for them) appalling *yet familiar* denouement, Japan must immediately rejoin her true identity (provisionally suspended for 25 years) and join with China and Vietnam in drafting an outline manifesto for the forthcoming All-Asian League. This may lead to war. But so do the alternatives—more quickly and (if one may say so) more disgracefully. . . ."

* * *

THEN WHO IS SENDING NIXON to China? Some say the electorate, which recall will be swelled by some 25 million new voters, young and presumably leftish. But I cannot comprehend Nixon's position in terms of civics-book frivolities. Politicians *play* currents. They do not submit to them. They represent not national but social-class interests, which they more or less adroitly try to identify as the interests of the general community. If the people tell Nixon they want peace, this will tell him only how he must pursue his class-based objectives, which are not created or determined and are only sometimes barely constrained by the results of an open national debate.

In the following columns, therefore, I will elaborate the following counterview of Nixon's "surrender."

1. American power has two unequal summits. The major one in a general economic sense is that of a *transnational* (or say *international*) bourgeoisie whose power is based in the big Eastern banks and the multinational corporations. It is identified in Michael Locker's famous theory as the Yankee Summit of American power. It has a right wing and a left, but its prevailing political disposition is liberal, basically because it wants free trade, but also because it favors hegemonic rather than coercive social problem solving. The minor summit is that of a *national* bourgeoisie whose power is based in Tulsa-Houston-New Orleans oil, the airframe builders of Huntsville, Dallas/Fort Worth, Phoenix and L. A., and the big world-market farmers who sometimes convene in St. Louis or Wichita. This group Locker styles the Cowboys. It too has both right and left; its present underlying movement, over-all, appears to be hard right: it is militarist and protectionist.
2. Since the political murder of JFK in '63, the Cowboy group has come increasingly to dominate the federal executive, which Johnson and Nixon alike have occupied in its behalf, if not its name. Nixon comes out of the ideological right-center of Cowboy power. As with Johnson, who emerges from another element of the Cowboy coalition, Nixon owes his presidency to the assassination of a Yankee rival. In other words, diagrammatically at least, the Yankees are the ruling class proper, and the Cowboys are generally subordinated (VP) in the governing Yankee-Cowboy coalition. An interesting formulation of one aspect of America's social dilemma, in fact, employs this conception of American power and (simplified) argues that since November 1963, this country's executive committee has not been chaired by the ruling class: the ruling class and the governing class are significantly different; hence, the rising tension between the country's social and political institutions.
3. Cowboy policy for Asia (a theme quite available to historical scholarship) runs the plain reverse of Nixon's current apparent direction. There is a traditional American "interest" in Pacific expansion which, for us, is contemporary still in the philosophy of Douglas MacArthur (who recall dominated West Point in the '30s), the political practice of a younger, more explicit Nixon (the California days), and which root and branch is connected with the political class-group, the Cowboys, that emerged following the defeat of the Confederate aristocracy and its subsequent self-reconstruction west of the 93rd meridian.
4. Therefore, either (a) Nixon is surrendering the Pacific to a Japan-China coalition—should we call such a coalition *impressive?*—and at the same time betraying his domestic power base; or (b) he does not know what he is doing—*but how can he not;* or (c) he is *not* doing what he seems to be doing.

I BET ON OPTION C. The admonitions of the Buckleys in behalf of philosophy, and the textile-wealthy, anti-Japanese patrons in behalf of worldly success, are not ringing loud enough to ring true, and would anyway not necessarily express an illuminated viewpoint. I think the odds are about even that Nixon's China thaw is a trick, that the public discussion of sending Nixon to Peking merely covers a private discussion of sending something else, say an atomic bomb, and that from now through not only the election but also the inauguration two Januaries from now of a liberal administration, the country will be moving through the trough of a first-magnitude Asia crisis. In brief: the risks of another nuclear episode in Asia, possibly more uncontrollable than the last, will be rising throughout the next year and a half. (Perhaps Chiang is being manipulated to pull the plug. Who knows?)

Of course I present this as a speculative view. I have no privileged information. But what do we learn from the Pentagon papers if not to be as suspicious as we can be? Tonkin then; what today?

Nor do I know of anything obviously useful to do. Yet if instead of being pulled back from Vietnam and away from collision course with China, as even many leftists appear to be assuming, we are instead being nursed and cozied into the brink, then it would seem better to know and to have thought through that possibility than have passed it over as if its dangers were too magnificent to be touched and changed. The danger *might* be real; and if it is, there *might* be something we could think of doing. My purpose in this and the succeeding columns will be to help give occasion to this discussion.

Carl Oglesby, former SDS national activist, is the author of Containment and Change *(Macmillan) and editor of the* New Left Reader *(Grove Press). His column will appear regularly in forthcoming issues of* RAMPARTS.

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Culture counter Culture

Charles Pierce: Female Impersonator as Culture Hero(ine)

Pierce ends the show with a line from the play 'Home': "If a person can't be what they are, what's the point of being anyone at all." Pierce knows what he is; he's a man who plays at being a woman. It's the audience, or at least a sizeable portion of it, that's in limbo.

WHILE EVANGELIST Billy Graham was packing houses in excess of 30,000 across the Bay at the Oakland Coliseum, Charles Pierce, the famed "male actress," hit Bimbo's nightclub in San Francisco with an impact that might have confounded the latest seismographic instruments. A Bible-thumper and a drag queen were the hottest tickets in the Bay Area. And if that isn't Sociologically Significant I'll turn in my underground press credentials and retire to Orange County.

Billy Graham, of course, is a walking, talking artifact; an expression of the *zeitgeist* and understood as much. But who ever heard of Charles Pierce? Until fairly recently, almost no one, outside of the gay communities of San Francisco and North Hollywood, would have recognized the name. Now he's edging into status as a local celebrity. Tomorrow Las Vegas. Day after tomorrow, New York. And then —why not the world?

The red grand drape parts and the audience applauds. The act curtain begins to rise and the audience applauds harder. The scene curtain goes up and the audience roars. Charles Pierce is seated upstage, surrounded by hundreds of flowers, wearing a $500 red and white floor-length gown that amply exposes a bulging bosom, a long blond wig piled high with curls and arabesques, and in his hand he coquettishly waves a large red peacock fan. From behind him, waves of mist rise and waft toward the audience, engulfing Charles Pierce so that only his face is visible. He fans the mist away and sweeps elegantly downstage to greet his clamoring fans. "*Hi* there. Sorry I'm late tonight, but you just can't *imagine* how I have to be squeezed into this costume. Actually, these aren't my tits, you know; they're my balls." And Charles Pierce is off. The evening continues in much the same vein, filled with witty, vulgar, campy repartée, a half-dozen incredible costumes, and a gallery of female favorites of the '30s and '40s and '50s.

CHARLES PIERCE IS, without qualification, the most professional, talented, successful popular entertainer to hit the city since George Murphy's last hurrah. His show is a unique blend of high camp, high drag, nostalgia which, in his recent performances, went straight to the heart of San Francisco's preoccupation with its own decadence. "Of course I'm too much," says Pierce, mimicking a member of his audience; "If I was too little I wouldn't be up here. I'd be a hairstylist!"

Pierce is a consummate actor who's been developing his talent as a female impersonator (or "male actress," as he prefers to call himself) since childhood. As a seven year old, he recalls, he used to "go up into the attic and get into these costumes—dresses —and come down and twirl through the parlor" for his mother and aunt. His father tried to ignore his penchant for imitating women, until one day Charles asked him to drive him to his aunt's house to pick up a cape she'd promised him. "Dad thought I'd said "cake," so he drove me over there. When he found out it was a cape he roared "JEEESUS H. CHHHRIST! GAWD DAMN!"

As a thirteen year old he spotted an ad in *Theatre Arts* magazine for the training programs at the Pasadena Playhouse. He decided then and there that he would be an actor—though not necessarily a female impersonator. As he says in one of his routines, "It's not as if I went to my high school guidance counselor and said 'I want to be a female impersonator.' Actually, he came to me and said 'I've seen you in the halls. You're a female impersonator.' "

So in 1948 he graduated from high school in Watertown, New York (where he'd had his own teenage radio show) and enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse. He spent two years training for serious acting there, and then several seasons in summer stock in Rhode Island. He returned to Los Angeles in the early '50s and, for want of an acting job, began doing stand-up comic routines in small nightclubs around Hollywood.

He had continued since childhood to do female impersonations, mostly for private parties and gatherings of personal friends, so he carried the acts over to his nightclub material. He found that female voices and characterizations were more popular

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with his audiences than male ones, so he began to develop a repertoire of characters, drawing from the era of the '30s and '40s heroines. In other words, the man and the actor were able to come together in a mutually beneficial manner. Like the Yippie art of later years, Pierce was able to blend the private and the public, the reality and the illusion.

He did brief stints at Miami Beach and Las Vegas, and played Ann's 44 Club in San Francisco for a long run. Then came a six-year engagement at San Francisco's now-defunct Gilded Cage, where he finally went into a full drag routine. Until that time he had performed in a tuxedo, using fans and boas and lipsticks for props. Four years ago he returned to North Hollywood, where he now lives and performs irregularly in small gay clubs. His existence, until recently, had not been one of hand-to-mouth, but neither had it been marked by any major signs of encouragement. He played the small clubs, many of which were gay, and held his career together by a combination of talent and dogged persistence.

THIS PAST JUNE he came to San Francisco for a five-night engagement at Bimbo's, a large, gaudy, Billy Rose-type supper club in the style of the '30s nightclubs. The opening night's performance was sold out to the gay organization SIR (Society for Individual Rights). But the critics came. And they raved. Herb Caen, who can make or break a show with a single line in his daily column in the *S. F. Chronicle,* wrote, "There's nothing wrong with showbiz that talent won't cure. By talent I mean Male Actress Charles Pierce. . . . Charles is an indoor camper, and the best." John Wasserman, an influential entertainment critic for the *Chronicle,* raved, "Phenomenal occurrence! . . . Virtuoso performance. The place, quite simply, freaked. Frank Sinatra should get such audience response!" And from Phillip Elwood of the evening *Examiner*: "Classically camp, deliriously happy and funny. . . . Utterly unbelievable. . . . The Charles Pierce Show was rich, ripe and grand theatre." Not in recent memory had there been such an enthusiastic and universal response from the critics.

Needless to say, the five-night run was sold out every night, with a seating capacity of about 500. Arrangements were made for a longer return engagement in July, and Les Natali, a young San Francisco producer, has taken over Pierce's management and now guides his every move. CBS-TV taped a segment of the show which will be aired nationally this fall.

What is it that has generated all this? It is Carol Channing and Bette Davis and Tallulah Bankhead and Joan Crawford and Mae West ("Why don't cha up and see me come sometime?"), and Katharine Hepburn and Eleanor Roosevelt and Barbara Stanwyck and Jeanette MacDonald. It is a one-man, many-woman show with vignettes of Eleanor's goodwill visit to the Victory Canteen, a bitch fight between Tallulah and Bette (Tallulah: "If you ever become a mother, may I have one of the puppies?" Bette: "You should cultivate your voice—with horseshit!"). It's about tinsel and sequins and plastic flowers and blinking Christmas-tree lights and bubbles and billowing dry-ice smoke and Jeanette swinging out over the audience on a flower-strewn swing, polishing bald heads with her full skirt. It's camp. It's funny. It's drag. It's energetic. It's polished. It's sentimental. It's —yes, as I was saying, it's decadent.

STENDHAL OBSERVED that Don Juanism is possible only in a world filled with hypocrisy. Using the same logic we might conclude that Charles Piercism is possible only in a society replete with sentimentality and sexual confusion (Billy Graham, to carry the conceit into *kitsch,* is possible only in a world filled with guilty anxiety). The gay world has always been assumed to be an ambivalent and sentimental one, but only recently have there been indications of the pervasiveness of sentimentality and sexual ambivalence in the society at large. Fashions, for both men and women, represented one of the more obvious signs of this confusion (Pierce says he has never worn a woman's dress, only costumes that are built to look like women's dresses. "And anyway," he says, attired in an outrageous Bankhead dress and hat, "it takes a man to wear a dress like this!"). Much of contemporary art and design is also obviously derived from what only a few years ago was identifiable as homosexual sensibilities.

The decadence of popular literature is another case in point—the debasement of real feeling as represented by Rod McKuen, our number-one selling poet and young Werther of his time, and our epic book, *Love Story.* Popular culture reduces to an obsession with things gaudy, campy, and frivolous. San Francisco's Cockettes, a hard-core drag, camp version of vaudeville, has almost attained to a position of "respectability" in the city's marketable, tourist-conscious, culture. Still its audience at the Palace Theatre is composed largely of gay and straight freaks. Those for whom the Cockettes are still a bit too outrageous—and that includes most of the tourists—find a comfortable seat at Bimbo's and laugh their fannys off at Charles Pierce. "If you liked our show," says Pierce, "tell your friends. If you didn't like it, tell them anyway; they may be sicker than you." And the audience breaks up, of course. Pierce ends the show with a line from the play *Home*: "If a person can't be what they are, what's the point of being anyone at all." Pierce knows what he is; he's a man who plays at being a woman. It's the audience, or at least a sizeable portion of it, that's in limbo.

In many ways, the audience is more interesting than Pierce. The weekend houses were predominantly gay, but the weekday crowds were a very mixed bag. Ticket prices made the show prohibitive for the young, hip, Fillmore crowd, and so a large part of the straight audience was composed of the over-45 set: conventioneering businessmen, and couples out for a big night in a real nightclub—just like the good old days; the silver-haired ladies wore furs and got slightly tipsy on martinis; a dozen or so tables of young, well-dressed gays (very few transvestites); and the rest of the house, fairly young, affluent, straight, and otherwise non-descript.

Obviously, the older people iden-

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tify strongly with the characterizations of the '30s and '40s heroines. The impersonations are beautifully executed, to a degree of accuracy that probably only a man could achieve (a female friend remarked after seeing the show that she felt "abashed" by her comparative lack of femininity). Pierce as female—outside of his impersonations but still within the female *persona*—strikes one as a sort of Mame figure: full of energy, vitality, *joie de vivre*, sophistication, urbanity. It's an exciting character, irresistably attractive, warm, fun-loving, brilliant. Just the kind of woman that every young man would like to have—not for a wife, nor a mother, nor a mistress (these being sacred institutions)—but for a wicked aunt.

Pierce's characters are all women who share a special place in America's throbbing nostalgia. Much is being made of the current "nostalgia craze," including money (witness the huge success of *Liberty* magazine and the reprints of *Saturday Evening Post*). It should be no surprise that an empire dominated so obviously by militarism and economic gout should look back to a period of innocence and (relative) grace. What era within our historical reach is more romantic, frivolous, and sentimental than the world of the silver screen of the '30s and '40s and early '50s, more an

Photographs by Robert Foothorap/Photon West

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antidote for the current harsh realities? Dietrich and Stanwyck and West and Crawford and Davis and MacDonald and Hepburn—sentimentalists all, some gay and frivolous, some strong and self-assured, others sad and melancholy, but *romantic* all, wallowing in the depths of *feeling*. Certainly they are attractive to a people that has very nearly lost the ability to feel, and sentimentality is the last ditch respite of crumbling empires.

AMERICA HAS NEVER BEFORE in its history recognized the laugh potential of the homophile and sexually ambiguous as much as it does today. Sexual freedom fighters will argue that that's just an aspect of the sexual revolution—"our minds have been liberated from the old hang-ups"—but if homosexuality (or at least sexual confusion) isn't a hang-up, then what the hell are we laughing so hard about? If lonely queers hanging out in doorways at two o'clock in the morning on Polk Street ("waiting for the stores to open, I suppose") are subjects for laughter, then why isn't the Broadway hooker equally funny? Because we're used to her? Because she belongs to our established value system? Or because her presence there upholds the myth of male-oriented heterosexuality, and that myth is under attack, and the hooker is a sacred cow.

How many of those in the audience who laugh at the rim-job jokes (Snow White: "I stepped on a buttercup and the elves said I can't eat any more butter." Charles Pierce: "Don't let them know that I stepped on a cockroach.") would give or receive a rimming? How many would like to? How many are repulsed by the idea? To the latter, very few; we can laugh at what's sacred and what's naughty, but never at what's repulsive.

More to the point, how many of the men in the audience were actually attracted to Charles Pierce as a woman? Certainly he plays a damn convincing female, and if you're not too close he even looks like an attractive female, but there's always the knowledge in the back of your head that he's a man *playing* woman. And yet, how many men got even a little bit excited when he raised his skirt and caressed his thighs?

The point is not that the bald American head (how many men wore wigs?) is a closet queen. The point is that he doesn't know whether he is or he isn't, and he's more than a little apprehensive. Charles Pierce, on the other hand, knows that he isn't a closet queen; he's a full drag queen and he's very good at it, and it makes him a lot of money (with a lot more to come in the future). Do the men in the audience warm up to this man-woman as a self-projected fantasy ("What would I look like dressed like that?")

There are no easy explanations to account for the phenomenon of Charles Pierce, except, of course, to say that he is a highly accomplished "male actress." But the motivations that bring people out to see him, and the phenomenal audience response he receives, can't be accounted for by sheer talent. There have always been accomplished female impersonators in show business, but it's doubtful that one has ever received (in America, at any rate) the attention that Charles Pierce is destined for. After all, Pierce, himself, has been around for some fifteen years; his material hasn't changed significantly; he's doing the same characters now he was doing years ago ("I've always done the material that *I* liked"), but now he's a box-office smash in a large club playing to mixed audiences in excess of 500; whereas only a matter of months ago he was playing to predominantly gay audiences in small clubs. Ask anyone in San Francisco today who Charles Pierce is, and I'd wager the majority would know, while a month ago 99.9 percent would have shrugged their shoulders. Was everyone blind four years ago when he played the Gilded Cage? Of course not, but we weren't quite ready for bottomless waitresses, either. (Actually, Pierce was successful at the Gilded Cage, but his success was based on gay audiences, not the mixed crowd that he's enjoying now.)

JUST BEFORE Charles Pierce came to San Francisco last June for his opening at Bimbo's, he had received an offer from a Vegas club for "X" amount of dollars. His previous Vegas engagement flopped when the producers ran out of money and couldn't build a set, and his run was cut to five weeks. Following Pierce's popular return to Bimbo's in July, the Vegas offers started pouring in, only now the figures were exceeding by ten times the original offer. Les Natali, his producer, would like to go to a big club in New York and run forever, but admits that "we may not be able to afford not to go to Las Vegas." For the present, they'll just sit back and watch the offers climb. Pierce thinks he might like to do an abridgement of a musical, such as *Mame* or *Applause*, or maybe an old-fashioned vaudeville show (a year ago he did a four-month stint as the Mother in the San Francisco production of *Geese*, playing opposite topless queen Carol Doda!).

Off-stage, Charles Pierce is as warm and affable as he is on. Over lunch at Mooney's Irish Pub he talked about his past, his family ("I sent my promotion pictures to Mom. It was the first time she'd seen me in full drag, and she was delighted. Showed them to all her friends"), his new-found popularity. Obviously, he's pleased with the response to his San Francisco show, and he's looking forward to the next show, which will probably be Vegas. "Do you envision a time in the near future when your name will be an American household word?" I asked him. "Gooood Heavens! NO!" he roared. "Well—it's within the realm of possibilities," answered his producer-manager. And they were both deadly sincere.

Finally, I note emphatically that Charles Pierce is *not* decadent (just as Billy Graham may not be filled with "guilt"). He—and Mr. Graham—are fully conscious, adjusted, relatively healthy individuals. Rather, it's the herds stampeding to the evangelical confessional and the self-mocking laughter and saccharine sentimentality that represent signs of decay and confusion in our world. We must look to ourselves (and I laughed as hard as anyone) if we will point an accusing finger.

Charles Pierce, at least, is happy.

—JON STEWART

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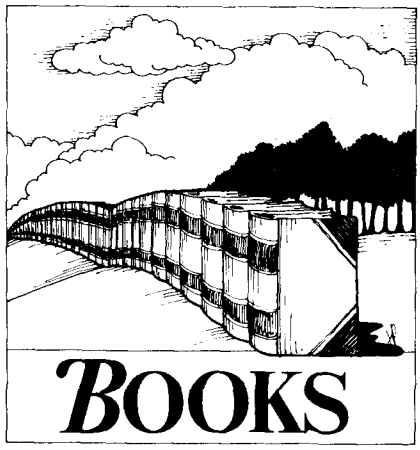

BOOKS

WOMAN IN SEXIST SOCIETY: STUDIES IN POWER AND POWERLESSNESS.

Edited by Vivian Gornick and Barbara R. Moran. Basic Books, 1971.

"The fault lies not in our stars, our hormones, our menstrual cycles or our empty internal spaces, but in our institutions and our education."

—LINDA NOCHLIN

Women in Sexist Society is a collective attack on the anti-female culture created by a patriarchal society that stratifies people by sex, class and race, and, to quote the Introduction, defines woman "not by the struggling development of her brain or her will or her spirit, but rather by her child-bearing properties and her status as companion to men who make, and do, and rule the earth."

Gornick and Moran have assembled 30 essays, most of them printed here for the first time, that explore multifarious aspects of sexism. The book is divided into four parts—I. Beauty, Love and Marriage: The Myth and the Reality; II. Woman is Made, Not Born; III. Woman at Work; and IV. Social Issues and Feminism: Education, Homosexuality, Race and Radicalism—which serve as categories for the examination of the role and image of women in literature, history, the creative arts, the social sciences, the business world, sexual relationships and educational philosophy.

THE EDITORS have chosen not to deal with the political debates of the Women's Liberation Movement, but rather to concentrate on depicting manifestations of sexism.* This is both the strength and weakness of their anthology. It is evident from the introductory essay that Gornick and Moran do not want to separate the political from the cultural, but their perspective on the Women's Movement is not clear either from their introduction or in the choice of essays.

For example, some essays present radical challenges to the existing society: In "Patient and Patriarch: Women in the Psychotherapeutic Relationship," Phyllis Chesler shows how psychotherapy and marriage, the two major socially approved institutions for white, middle-class women, both function as vehicles for personal "salvation" through the presence of benevolent male authority. Wendy Martin shows the value of sociology of literature in her study of "The Fallen Woman in American Fiction": "The polarization of economic roles that occurred . . . in the eighteenth century was accompanied by a polarization of psychological roles, requiring women to be emotionally passive and weak as well as economically dependent. . . . The myth provides a basis for the economic and social system of industrial society, which requires that men be strong in order to face the harsh world . . . and that woman . . . withdraw from the rough world . . . in order to nurture children and preserve culture within the home. The novel reflects this social definition of woman as a private creature, reinforcing purity, piety, and submissiveness as the proper feminine virtues."

Other essays challenge much less. Jessie Bernard ("The Paradox of the Happy Marriage") marshals a great deal of sociological data to prove that many women are unhappily married (so what else is new?), and concludes with what I guess is supposed to be a daring question: "Could it be that marriage itself is 'sick'?" In "Working Together," female executive Roslyn S. Willett states, "It is generally accepted that males . . . tend to be more aggressive than females . . . and tend to fantasize more than women." Aggressiveness and fantasy are good for developing "ambitious plans and abstract systems," but the female counterbalance of "sensitive perception of what is really happening in the real world and a sustained interest in getting a real job done is also needed." A somewhat complacent acceptance of sex-role stereotyping is evident in the Willett article as she tries to figure out how, given these tendencies, men and women can best work together. Her conclusions are that "the husband and wife team," if they share housework, economic responsibility, have flexible schedules and make child care arrangements, can keep developing together "as individuals all their lives, making maximum personal and social use of potentials they scarcely know exist now."

No judgment is made on any of these positions. Another example of lack of political clarity is in part four, where the entire issue of "Radicalism" is dealt with by including two essays—"Consumerism and Women," by a Redstocking sister, and "On American Feminism," by Shulamith Firestone, articles which represent the Radical Feminists but not the rest of the political spectrum of the Women's Liberation Movement. Does this mean Gornick and Moran support this position, or have they left out Juliet Mitchell, Margaret Benston, McAfee and Wood, Evelyn Reed and Roxanne Dunbar—to cite just a few—due to lack of space?

* The SDS National Resolution on Women (December 1968) triggered the debate between women who advocate a radical feminist movement totally separate from any other political movement, and women who are in favor of working within or with mixed radical organizations. Among the first responses to the SDS women were Beverly Jones and Judith Brown's "Toward a Female Liberation Movement"; Roxanne Dunbar's "Female Liberation as the Basis for Social Revolution"; and Kathy McAfee and Myrna Wood's "Bread and Roses." More recent expositions of "Radical Feminism" are Shulamith Firestone's **Dialectic of Sex: The Case for a Feminist Revolution;** Cellestine Ware's **Woman Power** (both women helped found the New York Radical Feminists); and "The Fourth World Manifesto" by Barbara Burris and other sisters.

Another well-discussed topic is the role of socialist theory in women's liberation. Radical feminists believe "that the purpose of male chauvinism is primarily to obtain psychological ego satisfaction and only secondarily does this manifest itself in economic relationships" (Manifesto of NYRF). Capitalism or any other economic system is not the cause of female oppression, and this oppression will not disappear as a result of a purely economic revolution. Thus, a debate exists among radical feminists and radical socialist women, some of whom work with mixed left organizations, as to whether the main problem is sexism or capitalism, and what are the most urgent feminist demands and what kind of social structure is needed to meet them.

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THE STRENGTH of the anthology is that it gives the most studied, complete picture to date of how the new feminist consciousness is undermining established cultural concepts about women in many areas, such as anthropology, psychology, advertising, education. And a lot of the contributions are impressive: among them, Myrna Lamb's two plays, *But What Have You Done for Me Lately?* and *The Serving Girl and the Lady;* Kate Millet's "Prostitution: A Quartet for Female Voices"; Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love's careful examination of lesbianism ("More than male homosexuals, lesbians are seen as a threat to the entire system based on sexual relationships. . . . It is acceptable for a man to do without women . . . but it is never acceptable for a woman to be without a man. . . . The single man is a bachelor; the single woman is an old maid—or a lesbian."); Catherine Stimpson's original, documented study of the relation between abolition and suffrage (although her brief analysis of contemporary black-white relationships is less worked out); Linda Nochlin's "Why Are There No Great Women Artists?"; and Liz Schneider's "Our Failures Only Marry: Bryn Mawr and the Failure of Feminism".

One article, however, merits questioning. In "Women in Other Cultures," Ruby Leavitt discusses the role and status of women in Indonesia, Burma, Africa and among the Pueblo Indians, to counter the "widely circulated myth that women have achieved their highest status in the Western industrialized world." She asserts, "The most important clue to woman's status anywhere is her degree of participation in economic life and her control over property and the product she produces," and then states, ". . . among the Australian aborigines, technologically the most primitive of peoples, men and women were in the fullest sense partners." A lengthy description of Burma is given as an example of where women "retain full equality with men."

Leavitt's point is that in non-industrialized societies where women and men did equal work and had equal control over their work products, they enjoyed totally equal relationships. She attributes the introduction of a money economy into Burma (by the British in the nineteenth century) as detrimental to the status of women.

The article is misleading on several accounts. First of all, Leavitt tends to assume that a non-Western, non-industrialized society is better than a Western, industrialized one, regardless of the fact that the former may have many politically and socially repressive institutions. Industrialization is not inherently "evil"; it's the *uses* that certain societies put it to that are destructive. Secondly, the description of Burma seems more like a feudal monarchy with a slightly benevolent attitude toward women than a "community of equals" (a phrase Leavitt quotes from Margaret Mead). One wonders about the merit of having any kind of sexual equality in a society run by a king and educated by monks. And finally, the assumption that the introduction of capitalism destroyed an ideal situation seems dubious. Most of us are convinced that capitalism involves women's oppression as a necessary corollary, but is the answer to go back to a pre-capitalistic existence? And where is the proof that women enjoyed the total—not just economic—liberation we're striving for? I think the point is to incorporate the past and go forward, not try to fit monopoly capitalism into a pre-industrial mold, which is really tantamount to a refusal to confront the real nature of the problems in the United States today.

SINCE THE publication of Robin Morgan's *Sisterhood Is Powerful* last year, a bevy of anthologies on female liberation have appeared—testimony to the growing awareness that the Women's Liberation Movement is a social movement with political and cultural dimensions that are, at the very least, catalysts for new patterns of thought and action, and at best, revolutionary. *Woman in Sexist Society* is an important book because it is an intelligent attack on an antiquated, oppressive culture. It is also a useful book for Women's Studies courses on women in literature, the socialization of women—in fact, for any course that teaches that the quest is not for the Holy Male, but for self definition. —ROBERTA SALPER

RELICS,
Pink Floyd, Harvest (SW 759)

THE THEORY IS THAT the arts are a stimulus to society as well as a reflection: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is regarded as a spur to the abolition movement and indirectly to the whole secession-war-reconstruction cycle that followed; *The Birth of a Nation* is blamed by some for the growth of the KKK, Jim Crow, and racial stereotypes.

And today—if you buy this theory—you observe the silent majority watching TV while their sons and daughters are seduced by radical freaks through the insidious influence of rock music into a life of shameless debauchery, drugs and eventual radical freakhood; listening to that awful druggy psychedelic music.

The strange thing is, that awful druggy psychedelic music hardly exists any more. Back in the mid-to-late '60s everybody was doing it—Tom Wolfe credits the Grateful Dead with starting it, Albert Goldman traces it further back to "hypnotic jazz." Certainly the Jefferson Airplane contributed a lot, most prominently with songs like "White Rabbit," the Byrds did their bit, and the Beatles brought it all home, of course, in *Sgt. Pepper.* After that everybody had a crack at it, from the Rolling Stones with *Satanic Majesty* to minor bob-up-bob-down groups like the Strawberry Alarm Clock.

And then it all went away again. Everybody seems to have done his acid, gone through his changes, and moved on to other interests: the Beatles their various ways, the Stones back to blues, the Dead into other chemicals and other music, the Airplane into ap-

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parent disintegration. For better or worse, 1967 is long gone.

Pink Floyd was one of the original English acid-rock bands, and probably the acidiest of them all. Their first album was released the same year as *Sgt. Pepper* and was a *lot* trippier. The Floyd were already developing a lot of the components that went to make up psychedelic music: long tracks heavily laden with electronics, the integration of both natural and artificial sounds with instruments and voices, heavy emotional content and pure auditory sensation intermixed.

They developed these themes and techniques through five albums including the sound track from the film *More,* and have now issued *Relics,* "a bizarre collection of antiques and curios." None of the material is very recent—there are six tracks from 1967, two from '68 and one from '69. The quality, consequently, is not of Pink Floyd's best: this is not a putdown, it is a natural, even admirable, consequence of the fact that they are continually learning, improving their skills, developing their craft. Probably the best cut on the album is "Careful With That Axe, Eugene," from their double album *Ummagumma.*

But what is more important is the availability of six tracks never before released in the U.S. Four were included in a "Best" album released only in England. A fifth, "Bike," was included on the English release of their first LP but omitted from the American version. And "Biding My Time" is apparently available on *Relics* for the first time.

The album is therefore a must for devotees of Pink Floyd. But for an introduction, *Ummagumma* is far superior while the later *Atom Heart Mother,* although a more difficult record, is the ideal follow-on and may be even more rewarding after several listenings.

Relics is a welcome addition but in honesty must be regarded as minor Pink Floyd, an interim album of historical interest primarily, to be enjoyed as such while we await their next major work.

MAGGOT BRAIN, *Funkadelic, Westbound (WB-2007)*

ACID ROCK HAS BEEN almost exclusively a white artist's field; not surprisingly so since the so-called psychedelic revolution was primarily a phenomenon of the well-educated, well-heeled, upper middle-class. Which includes few Blacks.

But rock and roll was largely a black invention, an outgrowth of blues more than anything else, its first great practitioners men like Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Little Richard, and with the triple infusion of psychedelics, electronics, and a highly intellectualized attitude toward composition—there was acid rock. And it was inevitable with the flow of elements back and forth across the color line that a black acid music—"funkadelic"—would emerge.

Maggot Brain is the third album of a group called, perfectly, Funkadelic. The band started as an instrumental backing group for the Parliaments ("I Wanna Testify," etc.) but has emerged under the guidance of the Parliaments' George Clinton as a powerful, eloquent recording band. The two groups still perform together in wild, mad performances.

Funkadelic's new album opens with a ten-minute track, a quiet bit of rhythm and arpeggio guitar work leading in along with some subdued drumming . . . and then a lead guitar takes over for a long virtuoso performance. The effect is fantastic—the wah-wah, feedback work and general style sounds heavily influenced by Jimi Hendrix (the first great black acid-rocker); the combination of that guitar with the soft background's quiet progression is reminiscent of the first fine work of the British group King Crimson.

And the transition to the second track, a nearly standard R&B number with just a touch of an Afro-Cuban feel to it, brings your head out of the heavy, trippy space it's been in, and puts it into a lighter, more pleasant place. Where the long opening track was heavily instrumental, the second places its emphasis on vocals—voices moving in and out, up and down, the old black-music bassman repetition working through the cut.

There are two more cuts on side one, a good piece of soul rock and a piece of heavy, cluttered vocalizing.

But side two immediately returns to the Hendrix groove on a fancy guitar piece, moves into some psychedelic games on a track called "Back in Our Minds," and then winds up for the big finish, another ten-minute cut called "Wars of Armageddon."

It's a hugely ambitious composition, with violence in the music and intermixed sounds: shots, sirens, booms, a baby's crying, animal noises, chanting crowds and plenty of feedback and electronics—and with Funkadelic's music moving all the time, going through changes, switching off instruments, switching off moods. It's like a combination of "A Day in the Life," "Revolution Number 9" and the Last Poets.

And it ends with more booming—is it the Bomb? or thunder?—and then rainfall, and then a final quick burst of music.

What does it mean? The end of the world? War? Peace? Catastrophe? Demolition and a new beginning? The ambiguity is for the listener to resolve.

The name Funkadelic and the black identity of the musicians has kept this group mainly in a black market to date. They deserve a much wider, larger audience than that. Could music be the thing that will . . . Bring Us Together?

—DICK LUPOFF

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SPORTS
by Jack Scott

THE WHITE, MIDDLE-AGED gentlemen who run the powerful National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) are presently sponsoring a nationwide anti-drug campaign under the motto, "Get High On Sports, Not Drugs." They have sent teams of muscular athletes and crew-cut coaches around to visit playgrounds, Rotary Clubs, high schools and colleges all across the country to sound the drum about the evils of drugs. The evidence suggests that men like Walter Byers, Executive Director of the NCAA, are worried far more about pot-smoking hippies than about drug abuse which is rampant in college athletics and indeed at nearly all levels of athletic competition in our society today. But instead of cleaning their own house, they are spending time and money pushing their slogans and coercing frightened American parents into the belief that, if they could just get Johnny to cut his hair and turn out for his school's football team, he would be in safe hands.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Coaches have not, of course, been turning athletes on to pot or maintaining them with heroin. But they have been feeding them anabolic steroids,amphetamines, muscle relaxers, tranquilizers, painkillers and almost any other drug believed to aid athletic performance. Even an athletic idol like Bill Toomey recently admitted to using drugs to aid his performance in winning the gold medal in the decathlon at the Mexico City Olympics. Toomey, who comes across like Mr. Clean on the CBS telecasts of AAU track meets, claims that he swore off drugs before the 1968 Olympics, but then reluctantly returned to them when he arrived in Mexico City intent on winning a gold medal and saw scores of top athletes from all over the world popping pills and getting injections. It was a dilemma: "I didn't take them to get ahead of anyone," he says, "I took them just to stay even."

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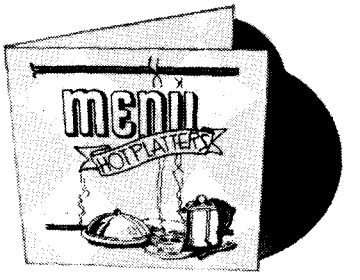

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Athletes and coaches in Mexico City seldom concerned themselves with debating the morality or propriety of taking drugs. In fact, the only debates about drugs that I heard while covering the Games were over which drugs were most effective and about what kind of amphetamines could go undetected in the tests Olympic officials required athletes to take at the conclusion of their competition. Nor was Toomey the only member of the 1968 U.S. Olympic track and field team using drugs. According to Dr. Tom Waddell, a practicing physician as well as active decathlon performer who himself placed sixth in Mexico City, over one-third of the U.S. track and field team was using anabolic steroids (whose possible side effects are as yet unknown but potentially dangerous) during the pre-Olympic high altitude training camp at South Lake Tahoe in 1968. Most of the athletes were taking this male hormone drug orally to increase size and power, but some athletes had their own hypodermic syringes and were giving themselves injections.

TRACK AND FIELD is certainly not the only sport where drug usage is common, and recent revelations about drug abuse in sports (i.e. Dave Meggyesy's *Out of Their League*) have hardly diminished the problem. Although the kinds taken and the quantities used vary from sport to sport, there is probably no type of highly competitive athletic activity where drugs aren't used. The one sport which uses the greatest variety is football — particularly professional — although the practice often extends all the way down to high school and below. I recently was told by a shocked and disgusted parent how the star quarterback on his son's pre-teen Pop Warner League team was given three injections of a painkiller so he could play in the "championship" game on an injured knee.

If it has come to the point where the athletes are themselves taking over the prescription and pushing of drugs, it was not always so. The University of California is a good example of how it was not the athletes, but the coaches and team physicians, who first introduced the regular use of drugs such as steroids into the athletic program. When Jim Calkins, the co-captain of the 1969 UC football team, came to Berkeley from a San Diego area junior college, the Cal coaching staff decided that he needed to gain about twenty or thirty pounds in order to play right end. The coaching staff sent Calkins to the team physician, who put him on steroids, as he had many other athletes. Calkins gained the weight and strength the team physician told him he would, but he also began to develop some peculiar side effects he is still hesitant to discuss. "I told the doctor what was happening and he, for the first time, mentioned the possible side effects," Calkins told me. Athletes using steroids have experienced changes in beard growth, depth of voice, sex drive and have had other glandular reactions including testicular atrophy, liver damage, edema and some physicians now fear their use increases the chances for cancer of the prostate.

The use of drugs in the athletic program of big-time West Coast football schools is certainly not limited to Cal. At Stanford, a starting player on their 1971 Rose Bowl championship team has talked about how he and many of his teammates were using amphetamines not only for games, but also for daily practice sessions. And Steve McConnell, a former middle linebacker for the perennial powerhouse, the University of Southern California, told me that the use of steroids and amphetamines were taken for granted at his school as the rule rather than the exception.

DRUG USE IS BECOMING SO widespread that even some people in the ranks of the hitherto defensive sports establishment are beginning to speak out in alarm. "Today it's a great rarity for someone to achieve athletic success who doesn't take drugs," says Tom Ecker, a respected coach who has authored six books on athletics. Ecker recently told a sportswriter, "I normally assume that the winner of a sports contest is one who has a better pharmacist than his opponent. In order to be in sports in the future it seems inconceivable that you could hold your own without drugs."

The NCAA will, for the time being, get a lot of mileage in Middle America with their "Get High on Sports, Not Drugs" motto. Their anti-drug campaign will, in fact, be played up prominently this fall on ABC's televised college game of the week. In the meantime, drug abuse among college athletes will continue to escalate at a frightening rate. But in the long run, as the hypocrisy and deception of organizations such as the NCAA become obvious, the knowledge will only add to the growing discontent which has become a part of the American athletic scene.

Jack Scott is the author of The Athletic Revolution *published by The Free Press.*

Letters:

[ISRAEL: COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE LEFT]

EDITORS: Behind the guise of an objective journalist Mr. Stern has presented the new Israeli propaganda line. . . . Intending to win the sympathy of those honest Americans who in opposition to the Viet War are now searching their consciences for a just and democratic solution to the Zionist-Palestinian Struggle, Mr. Stern has distorted the history of Palestine; now called Israel. In the RAMPARTS editions of 11/30/68, 1/67 and 1/68, in which Mr. Stern played an active role, this same Israeli propaganda line appeared. According to the conservative *American Zionist Magazine* in fall 1970: "At a recent meeting in New York City with pro-Israeli writers and journalists, Israel's newly appointed Minister of Information in the U.S., Zvi Brosh, conceded that fairly general ignorance regarding the Middle East was a major problem in his work. What Mr. Brosh and others concerned with Israeli propaganda in the U.S. now recognize is the acute need to educate a whole generation. . . . To counter leftist propaganda, the Israeli and pro-Israeli lecturers—both

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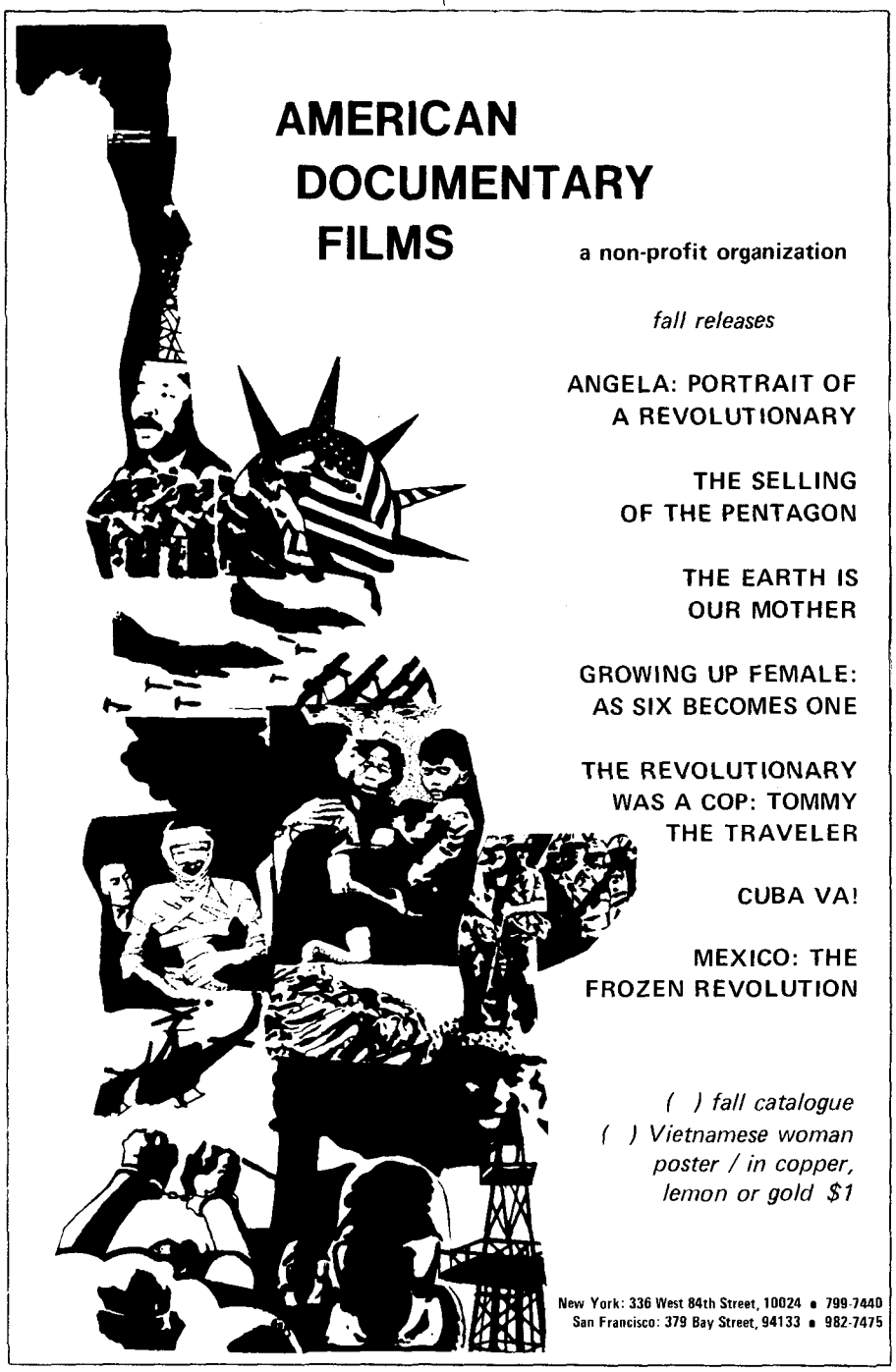
those representing governmental and non-governmental groups—are emphasizing the concept of Zionism as the Jewish National Liberation movement. Another new approach is to encourage, not officially of course, speaking appearances here by such Israeli leftists as Amos Kenan and more recently, Uri Avnery.

It is clear that Mr. Stern follows this approach explicitly. We need to reinterpret the history factually; not emotionally. Like the apologists for the Viet War who accuse war critics of personality disorder, Mr. Stern does the same: "The anti-Zionism of many New Left Jews allows them to reject the worse aspects of their Jewishness. They reject Beverly Hills and Scarsdale. To them that's what Zionism is." (*Newsweek*, 3/1/71.) Mr. Stern's approach is omission. He does not mention the Israeli My Lai of 1948, at Deir Yassin, nor the massacre of Kafr Kasim in 1956. He doesn't mention Israel's alliance with South Africa or her terroristic Military Laws which suppress the Palestinian Arabs who now reside in Israeli-occupied territory. Golda Meir's approval for Nixon's Vietnam policy is forgotten.

Israel's history as a military outpost is not new. In 1917, Britain declared to the Millionaire Zionist Lord Rothschild a policy of Jewish Colonization. Israel's first President, Chaim Weizmann, said: "What would the position have been in the Near East, not for England alone, but for the world democratic cause, if we had not provided in Palestine a foothold for England." Earlier Weizmann had requested a "Jewish Company for the Colonization of Palestine by Jews."

It was the rise of Hitler which provided the impetus that Zionist-colonization required. At least one million Palestinians were forcibly expelled, and the Jewish State emerged with the blessings of the United States followed by a U.S.-approved $100,000,000 loan by the Export-Import Bank. Louis Johnson, Secretary of Defense, declared, "Israel is important strategically and we must support her." In 1966, Moshe Dayan went to South Vietnam to study the U.S. strategy. He concluded that ". . . The U.S. and Israel employ almost identical language in speaking of reprisal action." After Dayan's return to Israel, a seven-man South Vietnamese delegation led by a member of the South Vietnamese National Security Committee visited Israel to study the Israeli defense forces. After the June War 1967, Isaac Deutscher, who Mr. Stern quotes, declared: General Dayan acted as a kind of Marshal Ky for the Middle East. He was, and is, a much cheaper and far less embarrassing ally than Ky.

The major U.S. interest in the Middle East is oil. Israel is a strategic base for the United States. The U.S. strategy involves: support for Israel and the reactionary Arab regimes like King Hussein of Jordan; controlling the Mediterranean with the 6th Fleet which already prepared for invading Jordan to suppress the Palestinian guerrillas (*New York Times*, September 1970). Israel collaborated with western imperialism; in 1956, Israel, France and England invaded Egypt; in 1960 Germany's Adenauer and Ben Gurion secretly agreed on an arms agreement including 200 U.S. tanks; and most recently the U.S. supplied its Vietnam-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tested Phantom Jets in what the *New York Times* called the most "open-ended" arms agreement in the world.

Israel depends exclusively on foreign aid. Only 3 per cent of Israel is Kibbutz-oriented. Israel's famous machine gun, the UZI, is sold to the West German Army. Israel has granted licensing to South Africa to produce the UZI. Israel's relationship with South Africa is intimate through trade, investment, and Israel's Foreign Minister Abba Eban is himself a South African.

Israeli Aircraft Industries, Israel's largest corporation, produces the Gabriel surface-to-surface sea missile. Israeli arms exports in 1970 exceeded $50 million. At least "72 new projects have been prepared by North American investors." South African investment is now permitted in Israel following the creation of the Israel-South Africa League. Israeli defense factories sell electronic defense equipment to the United States.

The Israeli occupation of 26,000 square miles containing 1.1 million inhabitants employs a strict policy of Apartheid toward the Palestinian Arab inhabitants. This brutal occupation has been censored by the U.S. news media. Israel has refused United Nations' inspections of occupied territory several times. Israel's colonization is a boon to her military/industrial economy. In occupied Sinai, Israel has acquired twice the oil needed for its economy. This occupation has been resisted courageously by the Palestinian people while Israel attempts to brand this resistance as Syrian terrorists or Egyptian spies, etc., etc. Torture, strategic hamlets, and concentration camps have been constructed to suppress the Palestinian Resistance Movement. (See *London Times,* October 28, 1969, "Grim reports of repression in Israel-occupied lands," or write: Israel League for Human and Civil Rights POB 20178, TEL AVIV, ISRAEL.)

The Palestinian People have been robbed of their land by apartheid Israel. It is these people who have formed an armed national liberation movement to return to Palestine, now called Israel. With the support of the people of China, North Vietnam, North Korea, the NLF of South Vietnam, and Cuba, the Palestinian Liberation Movement, Fatah, has presented a program calling for the establishment of a democratic secular state to be lived in by Jews, Moslems, and Christians. But like the Vietnamese who must first destroy the Ky-Thieu puppet regime in South Vietnam, which represents the interests of the United States, the Palestinian Liberation Movement must likewise dismantle the Zionist military machine which has constructed the exclusivistic apartheid state of Israel on the principle of expelling and brutalizing the Palestinian people. The editors of RAMPARTS have restricted our space, so if you want to read more please write the editors and demand that we be allotted further space to adequately expose the Zionist Israel-U.S. plan of conquest and occupation in the Middle East. After all, Mr. Stern's article in RAMPARTS was 11 pages and we have only been allotted 1200 words. The program of the Palestinian Liberation Movement can be obtained by writing the Palestinian Liberation Organization, 101 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

—CHARLES PASTERNAK
San Francisco

EDITORS: Thank you for Sol Stern's recent article on Israel and the Left. As one of the Radical Zionists (which Mr. Stern mentions in his article), I am tremendously encouraged by the publication of this piece in RAMPARTS.

Being both a Left-Zionist and a Movement person, I have increasingly, in the last few years, experienced the hostility of my friends in the Movement towards my strong Jewish consciousness and Jewish solidarity. I have reacted with a mixture of pain, conflict, anger, and sadness at being emotionally "pushed" from the Movement by this hostility.

In all honesty—until I read Sol Stern's article—I had all but given up hope that sectors of the American radical community would begin to understand what motivates some of us towards a dual commitment to a radical socialist perspective and to Jewish self-determination. Mr. Stern and RAMPARTS have taken an extremely significant step in bridging a gap that has been growing since 1967. It is a heartening sign, and I hope such political and ideological sanity persists.

—BOB FRANKEL
Somerville, Mass.

EDITORS: As a libertarian Marxist "Non-Jewish Jew" with no identity problem either way, I found Sol Stern's article important but somewhat incorrect in the manner he analyzed the Middle East. Firstly he argues for the rights of the Jews to self-determination. A religious "nation," people-class or race scattered about in the diaspora do not have the right to claim possession to an already inhabited section of the globe; they rather have the right to "self-determination" in the respective countries in which they live—the Russian Jewish Bund movement understood that quite well. Stern would be more correct to ask about the rights of the Israeli people to self-determination, which is a very different question.

Secondly his historical analysis suggests that the Jews did have the right to a state in Palestine and he ratifies the non-acceptance of the early Jewish settlers of minority status in Palestine and then he claims the Arabs bear a share of responsibility for the civil war of 1948. He forgets that the land was the home of the Palestinians and they had the perfect right not to accept part of it being taken away from them—this is not to say that the Arab states entered that war for that reason. To compare the Stern Group with the Weatherman is somewhat far-fetched and does justice to neither group!

Thirdly Stern characterizes the Six Day War as a "war for salvation and survival" for the Israeli people. Granted that the Israeli people felt this to be so but that does not mean it was the case. I suggest an analysis would clearly show that the War was a planned effort by the Israeli government which does a "masterful" job of manipulating its people—this helps to account for the powerful hegemony which exists in Israel. Stern is somewhat correct in stating that "there can be no deepening of the class or social contradictions within Israel as long as every Israeli feels that there is a dire security problem." However, this would demand explaining the real nature of Israel's "defensive wars" and what the Zionist bureaucracy has been doing with their lives to the Israeli people.

Finally, Stern talks of peace and he seems to accept the pre-1967 boundaries as a suitable "compromise"—for the Palestinians that is rather a sell-

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out of their homeland. "Peace" at all costs is not a radical proposal. Yet the concept of a "democratic secular state of Palestine" with civil rights for Jews does not do justice to the right of the Israeli people to self-determination. Thus the solution of Israel reverting back to its original U.N. boundaries (i.e., giving up its 1948 and 1967 "gains") and the setting up of a Palestinian state in the other half of Palestine is really the only just "compromise" and through struggle on all sides it may be brought about. The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine claims this proposal is a "fantastic intellectual compromise." They are very wrong—anti-intellectualism, or rather the lack of a proper revolutionary theory, will not bring about justice/socialism in the Middle East.

—SIMON ROSENBLUM
Regina, Saskatchewan

[THE POLITICS OF MAYDAY]

EDITORS:

. . . Michael Lerner fails to see the importance of mass action as a vehicle for ending the war. Instead, he favors the kind of demonstrations that can attract individuals only from his own milieu, alleging that such actions are more militant.

Within mass actions, it should be understood, there is room for those who favor non-violent civil disobedience and want to practice it in addition to the mass actions. We welcome people who hold differing points of view on this question. We want to bring them into the NPAC coalition as long as the perspective for building the large, broad demonstrations as the central feature is retained.

Reaching out to new people is crucial. . . . Small radical "direct action" civil disobedience programs as the movement's central thrust do not take into account the hundreds of thousands of Americans who oppose the war, who want to be counted in the streets during massive antiwar demonstrations but who do not see the value of being arrested for such things as blocking traffic. The raw muscle of mass actions has been shown over and over again in the last year. But experience proves that the maximum outpouring results from legal, peaceful actions in the street.

It was the impact of the 1970 May student strikes that spread across the U.S. in the wake of the invasion of Cambodia that forced the Nixon administration to remove American ground troops at the end of 60 days. It was the fear of new domestic explosions that caused the U.S. government to send Saigon troops into Laos in February rather than American GIs, an invasion that ended in a rout of the Saigon army. It has been the mass antiwar movement which has kept the U.S. government from bombing North Vietnam back into the stone age or using tactical nuclear weapons.

One of the main messages we sought to carry to the American people and to Nixon through the April 24 actions was that this was a movement of all Americans, of Blacks and Chicanos, of labor and students, of men, women, straights, gays, veterans, and GIs, of farmers and middle America, of all sections of the population. And this was the striking feature of the demonstrations noted by virtually all sections of the media—that the turnout was a true cross-section of the American people.

What is missing in Lerner's program for ending the war is that it leaves out the American people. Behind NPAC's stance in support of peaceful, legal, orderly demonstrations is the recognition that in order to draw new sections of the population into motion it is necessary to organize an action in such a way that large numbers can participate. Militancy is not necessarily measured by the number of demonstrators arrested. It can be reflected in the demand of the demonstration and the number of people mobilized in the streets to press for that demand. And the demand of NPAC's April 24 demonstrations was an unequivocal one for immediate total withdrawal.

Lerner accuses the National Peace Action Coalition of being a single issue movement that concentrates only on the war. Lerner fails to see the interrelationship NPAC has always emphasized between the war and the burning social issues at home. NPAC has worked effectively to involve key antiwar constituencies into its actions, through the United Women's Contingent, the Third World Task Force, the labor contingent, the GIs, the Gay Contingent, etc. Our strategy entails not relegating these movements or their demands to a secondary position. On the contrary, we have urged the oppressed sectors of the U.S. population to march with us, under their own banners, raising their own demands, in their own contingents, having their own speakers, marching as independent forces, but united on the question of the war. The war itself is multi-issue, a fact unfortunately not understood by Lerner. . . .

NPAC's perspective is to stay in the streets until every last troop is brought home. The key date for us is November 6, 1971, at which time mass demonstrations are scheduled for New York, Atlanta, Boston, Austin or Houston, Chicago, Denver, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Seattle, Tampa and Washington, D.C. Our demand is "out now" and we won't be satisfied with less.

—JERRY GORDON, NPAC

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EDITORS: It's a sad thing that those inexperienced, incompetent, uncouth demonstrators—those culture freaks who couldn't even clearly articulate a correct political line—wouldn't let an accomplished, proven political analyst and charismatic speaker like Michael P. Lerner lead them on the correct path in the May Day demonstration.

Imagine, if you will, the gall of those "new" people. Here they were in Washington, out on the streets, choking in tear gas, risking arrest, stopping traffic, and they wanted to make their own decisions too!

Clearly the correct way to run the demonstration was to set up a committee of brilliant movement leaders—great political thinkers like Lerner—to devise tactics and strategy. Isolated from the base passions and ignorance of the street on a tenth floor office in some building, how could they fail to lead the movement in a sweepingly successful revolution?

After all, the U.S. government operates in this way, and they're not stupid. That's why they're winning the war in Vietnam. Could you imagine the utter chaos that would result if ordinary soldiers in the U.S. army made the decisions about the war?

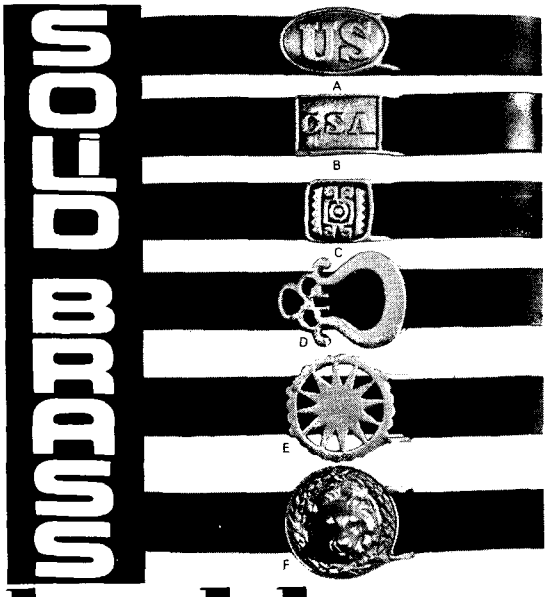
The army of the revolution, if it hopes to compete, must be led the same way, by farsighted men who can guide the less competent towards the achievement of our supreme revolutionary goals.

Lerner, by his brilliant analysis, has shown himself to be one of those competent few. The fact that he devotes only one paragraph of eight pages to what happened in the street Monday merely indicates that he probably wasn't there. But after all, he was too important to take such risks.

The leadership committee should be firm in rooting out bourgeois elements implanted by the ruling class among the masses, who, under the banner of "anti-elitism," spread dissension with talk of "new ways of relating," and "changing our lifestyles."

Such people cause dissatisfaction with our revolutionary leadership, hindering the cause. They must be ruthlessly exterminated.

—PAUL GLUSMAN, Chairman
Concerned Stalinists for Peace



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BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I thought Mike Lerner's piece on the May Day demos was thoughtful. I take issue, however, with his contention that, "The only shared politics of these meetings, beyond the acceptance of the basic scenario for May, was the spirit of anti-elitism, which usually translated into dismissing anyone with competence on the grounds of their competence." Come off it, Michael. No one was dismissed for "competence." A sincere effort was made to provide the opportunity for less experienced, though not less competent, people to gain that experience. Most of these people came out of the regions. May Day, in contrast to previous national actions, did make real strides toward functioning as a collective. Many people were involved in all aspects of the planning, which was as unstructured as Mike describes.

As for the charge that the Collective "guarded its power jealously," and didn't permit the regions to grow, most of the people involved in May Day didn't even know what the Collective was and, had the regions been unable to seize the time, May Day would have been a disaster. Reliance on the regions was integral to the plan.

Regarding the Foreign Relations Committee hearing, I believe it was overshadowed that day not by the beginning of civil disobedience, but by Leslie Bacon's arrest.

I share his criticism of the rock concert. We did manage to attract a crowd of unpolitical people who were attracted by the music, not by our political purpose, and the concert cut into time that would have been better used for P. E. and tactical discussion.

I doubt at this point that the left has the power to set off the kind of apocalypse we projected. There's always a struggle between realistic assessment and the faith that keeps things going. I agree a mass organization on the left would be a step in the right direction.

—STEVEN D'ARAZIEN
May Day Collective

[PRAISE THE LORD]

EDITORS: When I first saw the cover of your August issue, I just felt like praising the Lord. Here I felt was another manifestation of His will in get-

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ting the Gospel out. As I read the article I was disappointed and differ with the author on several points. Mr. Nolan seems to forget an essential factor —Faith. There is a difference between just believing and real faith. Perhaps through this or some other fault he has taken what I feel is a distorted view of the Jesus Movement.

First—We do not work "on an appeal to guilt" or a "candy-sweep promise of heaven." All we want to do is to show how Christ's love changed us and how it can help others too. If Christ is accepted, then all else just falls into place, our sins are forgiven, and through this we begin our life anew.

Nolan is right in saying that the "Jesus Trip means a lot to us." It is the Guiding force in all that we do, not just when we are doing what Nolan calls "The Lord's Work."

He asks "Once Jesus has brought them down from drugs, what's going to bring them down from Jesus?" My answer is simply this: "PRAISE THE LORD! WHO WANTS TO COME DOWN?"

In His Love,
—RICH KELLY
Long Beach, Calif.

EDITORS: I honestly feel that people like James Nolan are going to do more harm for this country and society as a whole than men of obvious harmfulness, such as Frank Rizzo. There is no way I am going to defend Rizzo, but Nolan seems to be on a misguided trip in his head that makes him think he has got some answers that he just doesn't have. Maybe bad childhood experiences, or maybe his own thought process turned him off to Christ, but it's unfortunate that he can't be open-minded enough to not find fault with the Jesus Movement. I disagree with much of the Movement, but see religion as a wholly individual thing and therefore cannot be against anyone who found Christ, in any form.

—W. WELLMAN
Watertown, Wis.

EDITORS: James Nolan's analysis of the Jesus Movement (August 1971) struck me as particularly insensitive and invertedly logical. Like so many agnostics and/or atheists Mr. Nolan finds the tenets of faith absurd and assumes that

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mystical precepts, because they do not conform with the blood-and-guts reality which permeates his outlook and his prose, have no meaning. Christ's life, death, and resurrection did not conform to human reason's comprehension, and so Mr. Nolan cannot digest them. Like so many bright men, he is enamoured of reason and thinks that the systems of logic alone are to be trusted for an account of reality. Mysticism's pathways are not those of reason but of faith, which is apart, above, and different from logic. Perhaps the Jesus Movement, which relies so heavily on heroics—bandstand Christianity —is an unattractive form of emotionalism to Mr. Nolan, but the need which generates it, a need distinct from that for logic's fulfillment, is a proof that there exists within men a hunger for a reality beyond that of the day.

—JESSICA ROSE MAKARSKI
Detroit, Michigan

[STEAL THIS BOOK, *Please*]

EDITORS: Unfortunately the article by me in the RAMPARTS February issue, "America on 0$ a Day," failed to mention that it was part of a 350-page book of similar rip-off info entitled *Steal This Book*. There is an unbelievable attempt to suppress the book beginning with the 30 major publishers who refused to publish the book (I ended up publishing it myself) through an array of rejections on the part of printers, major distributors and book chains to have anything to do with it. In addition, of all the daily newspapers in the country, only the *San Francisco Chronicle* will accept an ad that merely has my name and the title of the book. A radio commercial we did was turned down by every radio station in New York. The book has been banned in Canada and France and there is probably not one library in this country that will carry it. You gotta admit there must be something I'm doing right. Anyway, if RAMPARTS readers would like to order a copy, they can get it for $2.25 (includes postage) by writing us at PIRATE EDITIONS, 640 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10012. I'm working on a sequel to *Steal This Book*, which has a section on how to get free ads!

—ABBIE HOFFMAN

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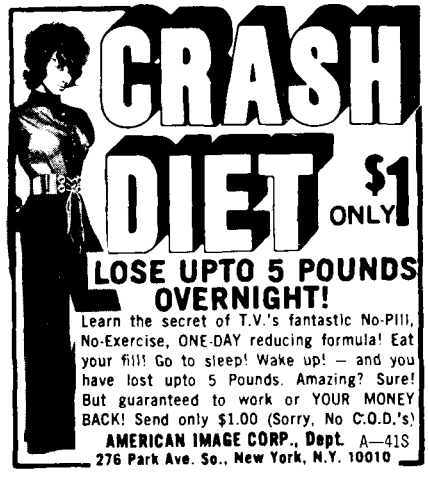

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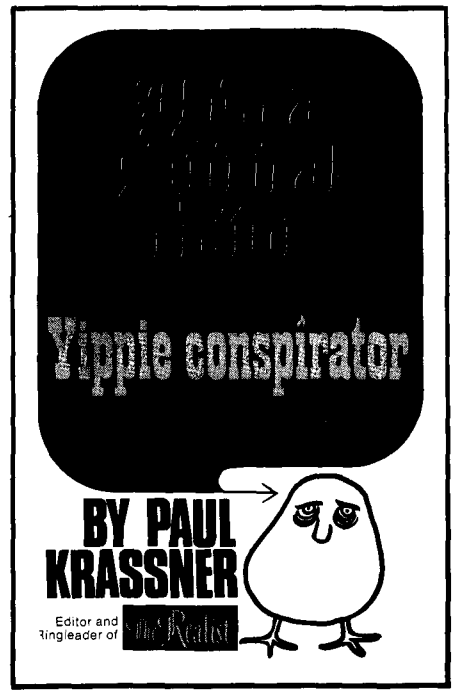

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